

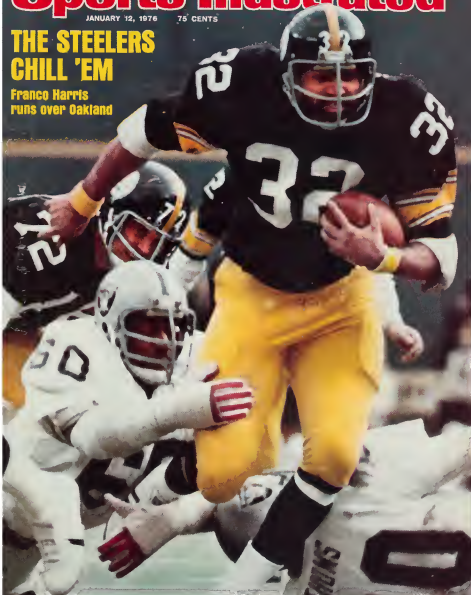
Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 12, 1976

75 CENTS

THE STEELERS CHILL 'EM

Franco Harris
runs over Oakland



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CONTENTS

JANUARY 12, 1976 Volume 44, No. 2

Cover photograph by Walter Iossa Jr.

Two for the Super Bowl

- 8** *The Steelers in the cold, the defending champions shouldered Oakland aside*
by Mark Mulvey

- 14** *The Cowboys: the first wild-card team ever to win a title walloped the Rams*
by Dan Jenkins

16 A Cavalier Attitude

When Cleveland was losing, Bill Fitch told jokes. Now he doesn't have to
by Pat Putnam

Oklahoma Takes It All

- 18** *The Sooners boomed past Michigan in the Orange Bowl to claim the national title*
by John Underwood

- 22** *Minutes before, in the Rose Bowl, UCLA upset Ohio State to make it all possible*
by Joe Jares

- 23** *Boating Penn State, Alabama won the Super Bowl battle but lost a war*
by Lerry Keith

26 They're Off—at 56 below

The finish line was 500 miles away and the weather was everybody's enemy
by Mason Smith

74 The Paws that Refreshes

What wears four tiny ski boots, two tiny skis and waddles with a real tail?

80 Making the Right Moves

Walter Browne says he can beat anyone at anything, especially Russians at chess
by Ray Kennedy



The Departments

5 Scorecard	70 Horses
63 TV/Radio	78 Shooting
64 College Basketball	90 For the Record
66 Tennis	62 19th Hole

Credits on page 90

Next Week

THE GIRLS OF JANUARY, In our annual Super Bowl of swimwear, enhance the attractions of Baja California, fast becoming a Mecca for resort hunters in search of sport and sun.

THE RED INVASION of North America's hockey rinks concludes with a matchup engaging the best of East and West. Mark Mulvey reports on the showdown in Philadelphia's Spectrum.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except during our winter and summer breaks. It is published by Time Inc. 541 N. Fairbanks Dr., Chicago, IL 60611; principal office: Rockefeller Center, 1230 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. J. R. Shepley, President; E. P. Leshner, Treasurer; C. B. Searles, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in each foreign country at the U.S. \$10.00 a year.

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Photography: John J. O'Connell

Staff Photographers: John J. O'Connell

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Reporters: John J. O'Connell

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Special Contributions: John J. O'Connell

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

With its Rozelle Rule shot down, pro football now finds itself in much the same position as big-league baseball, whose reserve clause was eviscerated a week earlier. As its baseball counterpart had, the pro football Establishment reacted bitterly and said it would fight the decision, presumably all the way to the Supreme Court, if necessary.

O.K., once more, what is the Rozelle Rule? It came into being a decade or so ago after pro football supposedly accepted the principle that a man under contract could "play out his option." The option clause gives a team the right to a player's services for one more season after the original terms of the contract expire. If a player does not sign a new contract he theoretically has the right to leave his team after his option year and sign with any other team. The Rozelle Rule pretty much vitiated this concept of free movement by insisting that teams signing such players recompense the team of origin, usually with draft choices or players of equal value. If there was disagreement, the commissioner decided upon the proper award for the team losing the player, and sometimes his decision stung the other team. As a result, clubs generally displayed little eagerness to sign one another's newly sprung free agents. And so freedom of movement remained more a theory than a fact. In effect, players remained bound to one team even though they were no longer under contract to that team. The owners retained their right to the players' future services without—or before—paying for that right. This has been traditional and accepted practice in professional sports in this country, but its legality has been under repeated attack.

Professional football will appeal last week's ruling, trying to postpone a final decision through months and years of litigation. But isn't it time for the owners to face reality and recognize the inevitable? Instead of employing the tedious, expensive, rancorous devices of delay,

isn't it time for a few clear-thinking people to come up with workable, mutually acceptable solutions to the problem? It has to be done eventually. Why not now?

SKEPTICAL WOW

A note from a friend says, "I was going through *The Baseball Encyclopedia* looking for rookies to compare to Fred Lynn and Jim Rice and came upon Shoeless Joe Jackson's first full season in 1911. Wow!

AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	BB	SO	PCT
571	126	233	45	19	7	83	41	.408

He must have been cheating then, too."

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING

Basketball coaches tend to be a frenetic lot during a game, and their undisciplined behavior has led to criticism, penalties and, in some cases, more restrictive rules. In Nebraska, for example, there has been a crackdown on high school coaches that severely limits the occasions on which they may rise from the bench, as Tom Hall, coach of Omaha's Westside High, learned the hard way. His team was leading Lincoln High 56-54 with one second to play when one of his players was fouled. Hall leaped up—he says in exultation, the officials say to argue that the foul was intentional, which would give Westside two free throws instead of one—and was zapped with a technical foul for leaving the bench illegally. The Westside player was awarded two free throws and Hall arose again to argue that he was within his rights the first time he stood up. Zap. Another technical. The Westside player messed both his free tries. The Lincoln player converted both the technicals. The game was tied, and Lincoln went on to win in overtime 62-59. Sit down, Tommy.

BIG LITTLE DECISION

The Little League was roundly criticized 18 years or so ago when it banned foreign teams from its annual world series (thus effectively deflating the meaning of that term) after Taiwan had won the title for

the fifth time. Now the Little League has had the courage to reverse itself and rescind that discriminatory rule, and we applaud it while reserving opinion on whether it makes sense to have a "world championship" in anything for kids 12 and under.

THE FIGHTING NUM

Cardinal Pitcher Al Hrabosky, the master of psychological confrontation, met his match in Sister Emma Ridgeway, administrator of the Alverne Residence for the Elderly in St. Louis. Sister Emma, who regularly takes her senior citizens to Cardinal games, asked Hrabosky to come to the Alverne's annual Christmas party. But Hrabosky, who did not receive the invitation until the evening before the event, had to attend a Quarterback Club dinner that night. He decided he would phone the Alverne from there.

At 7-15 that evening Sister Emma received a call from a husky-voiced young man wishing her happy birthday. "You can't be Al Hrabosky," she said. "You're



supposed to be here." Hrabosky told her about his prior commitment and said he would come another night. "No, 40-night," Sister Emma insisted. "On bended knee, I'm pleading." "Well, I'll try to slip away," Hrabosky said.

The evening began slipping away—and no Hrabosky. Sister Emma feared her old folks would fall asleep. She enlisted the aid of a friend whose brother just happened to be a police lieutenant. Five minutes later Hrabosky was interrupted at his table by a waiter. "There

continued

are two men here who want to see you," he said. Hrabosky was ready to dismiss them as a couple of autograph seekers until he saw the police uniforms.

"Sister Emma wants you at that party," one of them said tersely. The master of the scare technique had been out-psyched. He made his apologies at the dinner and left with the cops. Ever the showman, Hrabosky asked to be handcuffed and entered the old folks' party a prisoner, to the delight of Sister Emma and those baseball fans still awake. He visited, shook hands and autographed paper napkins: "Al Hrabosky, the Mad Hungarian."

Mad? Nonsense, says Sister Emma. "He is warm, open and loving—a sweet, gentle person."

Sister, don't tell Willie Stargell.

HORSES, HORSES

A British aristocrat was at first pleased to find himself seated next to Princess Anne at a recent banquet, but when the Princess discovered that the woman seated on his other side was a horse enthusiast, the conversation, all about horses, sped back and forth right past him.

He got his revenge when coffee arrived and the Princess asked him to pass the sugar. He complied: two lumps, in the middle of his outstretched palm, right under the royal nose.

DELAYED REPLAY

Suggestions that the National Football League should use TV instant replay to settle disputed calls by officials bubbled up again after the Dallas-Minnesota playoff game, in which Drew Pearson's controversial last-minute catch gave the Cowboys their upset victory (St. Jan. 5). A lot of people are strong advocates of the idea of having close plays looked at again on videotape, but others are just as strongly against it. Vince Costello, defensive coach of the Kansas City Chiefs, says, "It's going to contribute to accuracy and make it a fairer game." But NFL head linesman Bill Ross claims, "An official has a better angle on the play than any camera would have," and Hank Stram, once and possibly future NFL coach, says, "It would just open up another can of worms. In the course of looking at one penalty, you might come up with a holding you hadn't seen before."

Tex Schramm, Dallas Cowboys president and general manager, points out some complications. "Obviously, you

cannot allow every play to become a film study," he says, "because you know some coaches would protest that all. But suppose each team is allowed a certain number of challenges. It gets down to this: should you use one of your challenges now, or save it? If you don't challenge there will be booing, but if you use up all your challenges you won't have any left at the end of the game when you might need them. That gets to be a circus and detracts from the game."

Schramm says present TV coverage can't be depended on to solve disputed calls because television tries to present the best picture, not the technically most revealing one. "If you're going to do this," Schramm says, "you'd better do it right. The worst thing would be to reverse a call and then find out next day that another angle shows the original call was right. But it would take 10 or 12 cameras to cover everything adequately. How do you use the equipment fast enough to render a decision without interminable delays? And who would make the decision, the officials on the field or a sort of superreferee sitting with monitors in the press box?"

Tom Kitting, a veteran pro defensive tackle, says, "They ought to try it out during the exhibition season next year. They could have a monitor on the sidelines, test the effect, ask around, find out what people think of it. The owners will make the final decision, but at least they ought to find out if it works."

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Before Pete Rose was named our Sportsman of the Year for 1975, we received hundreds of letters suggesting dozens of worthy athletes for the honors. But nobody voted for João Oliveira or Nadia Comaneci. Who are João Oliveira and Nadia Comaneci? Well, in a UPI poll of sports editors of European newspapers, Oliveira was named male athlete of the year and Comaneci female athlete of the year—for the entire world. Care to guess their sports? And what they did?

WELCOME CZECH

In August 1969 Jana Ledvinkova of Czechoslovakia came to the U.S. to visit her uncle in Chicago. There she fell in love with another Czech, a doctor named Vaclav Hlavaty, and married him three months later. She never returned to Prague. In March 1971 she became a "permanent resident" and in the mean-

time took up an old pastime of hers, cross-country skiing. In 1973 she made the U.S. team, which meant she could compete for America in all international meets—except the Olympics. Either of two things could make her eligible for the Games: a waiver from the Czechoslovakian Ski Association or U.S. citizenship. The Czechs refused, pointing out that as far as they were concerned she was living in the U.S. illegally. And under American law she could not become a citizen before March 1976, when her five years of permanent residency would be completed. March would be one month too late for the 1976 Olympics.

So Jana appealed to Senator Charles Percy of Illinois, who got her skis moving, so to speak. Congress passed a special bill waiving the last bit of her five-year waiting period and President Ford, himself a skier, signed it last week, which means Jana is now a citizen and will be able to compete at Innsbruck.

WISH I HADN'T WRITTEN THAT

All sportswriters have days when they write things that come back to haunt them. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer's* Dan Coughlin had such a day a week or so before the Rose Bowl when he emphatically declared, "If UCLA coach Dick Vermeil ever hints to his players that they can win, he'll create a credibility gap as wide as the Grand Canyon. At best, he can claim amnesia or temporary insanity. When Vermeil gives his first Rose Bowl talk, the UCLA players will fall down laughing. The joke is that they already played the Rose Bowl, back on Oct. 4, when Ohio State flogged UCLA 41-20. Making them do it again is inhumane, like rematching Muhammad Ali and Chuck Wepner."

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Murray, *Los Angeles Times* columnist, foreseeing disaster for baseball if the reserve clause disappears: "A society or industry built on slavery cannot survive emancipation. Just ask Jefferson Davis."
- Wayne Belisle, president of the World Hockey League's Minnesota Fighting Saints, announcing that although he could not meet his payroll the Saints had agreed to play for nothing: "A lot of fans tell me they stay away from pro sports because they are turned off by athletes making too much money. On that basis we could have crowds of 150,000 a game now."

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JANUARY 12, 1976

THE STEELERS ARE

When Pittsburgh's Mike Culler (#44) dropped a punt in the third quarter, the Raiders took very temporary possession.



ON THE LOOSE

And so was the football much of the time as Pittsburgh fumbled and bumbled and rumbled past Oakland to the Super Bowl
by MARK MULVOY

CONTINUED



After all the extravagant talk before the game, it was only natural to expect that the Steelers and the Raiders would play one of those instant classics that Pete Rozelle would air-express to the Hall of Fame on the next available jet. The Steelers described the "spiritual and emotional uplift" that Mean Joe Greene would summon in them if he could trot his injured body onto the field for even a few plays, and they suggested that the statisticians would need a dozen extra pages to record all the yards that Franco Harris would be gaining against Oakland's three-man line. For their part, the Raiders promised to unleash the bushy-haired Mad Stork—Linebacker Ted Hendricks—against Terry Bradshaw, Franco, Mean Joe and even Old Mr. Rooney if necessary, and they kept implying that Ken Stabler and Cliff Branch would be giving Defensive Back Mel Blount a live replay of his 1974 playoff humiliation when Branch caught nine passes against the Steelers and sent Blount to the bench in disgrace.

So after all that, when the teams finally put on their thermal underwear and played the AFC championship game at Three Frozen Rivers Stadium in Pitts-

burgh last Sunday, what did they give Rozelle's filmmakers? Another X-rated flick that, as one Steeler grumbled, "should be burned before they let anyone else see it." There were nine fumbles in all, including one sequence of four in eight plays, all but one of which were recovered by the defense. There were five interceptions, too, one of which, naturally, was fumbled. There was even a blocked field-goal attempt, after which, in the weirdest scene since Garo Yepremian's last attempted pass, came the unbelievable sight of Pittsburgh's panic-stricken Roy Gerela trying a left-footed dropkick for an extra point following a mishandled snap from center. And, at last report, there were 86 cases of frost-bitten fingers and toes.

Although the Steelers were overly generous to the Raiders until the very end, they somehow won this farcical contest by the score of 16-10 and now get to thaw in sunny Miami, where they will defend their Super Bowl championship against the Dallas Cowboys on Jan. 18. For a time, though, Pittsburgh threatened to pull this week's version of the Minnesota caper and blow a supposedly safe lead in the closing seconds.

The Steelers slid into the final 98 seconds with a 16-7 margin on the scoreboard and, best of all, in possession of the ball at the Oakland 36. Bradshaw was on the sidelines, having just been kicked in the head after skidding into a wall of Raiders, and Terry Hanratty was under orders to hand the ball off while the clock ticked away. Sure enough, Harris promptly fumbled at the Oakland 35, the Raiders recovered and, six plays later, with 17 seconds on the clock, George Blanda was kicking his longest field goal of the season, a 41-yarder, to narrow Pittsburgh's lead to 16-10. Now all Oakland had to do was recover an on-side kick and have Stabler do what Roger Staubach had done the week before—hit some receiver for the game-winning touchdown in the last seconds. The Raiders came pretty close.

Ray Guy squibbed his kickoff right at John Stallworth, the normally surefisted Steeler receiver who earlier had made a difficult catch of a Bradshaw bullet in the end zone for the touchdown that put Pittsburgh ahead 16-7. This time Stallworth bobbled the ball, and Oakland's Marv Hubbard, who had set up the Bradshaw-to-Stallworth touchdown

Despite the slippery surface at Three Rivers, Bradshaw was a deft passer, completing 15 of 25 for 315 yards against Oakland's tough defense.



with a disastrous fumble at his own 21, recovered near midfield. Seven seconds on the clock and the Oakland version of *Heartbreak in Minnesota* was on.

Unfortunately, Stabler could not duplicate Staubach's curtain lines. He did connect with Branch at the Pittsburgh 15—it was only their second collaboration of the game—but the clock struck 00 as Branch desperately tried to get out of bounds. "One more play," said Stabler. "One more play was all we needed. Why is it that time always runs out on us?"

Those closing pyrotechnics aside, the teams spent most of the game handing each other the ball as if it were flaming, not frozen, and making headlong sprints for the propane heaters behind their benches. Pittsburgh Coach Chuck Noll attributed most of the fumbles to "the hardest hitting I've seen all season," but on one play Oakland's Pete Banaszak flat-out dropped the ball before he was hit when the Raiders were inside the Steeler 20-yard line and threatening to take a 7-3 lead in the third quarter. How did they get there? By recovering a Pittsburgh fumble, of course.

Both Bradshaw and Stabler complained of poor traction on the slick Tartan, and they frequently threw the ball behind, over and under their receivers, who wore gloves, and directly into the hands of the opposition. "We normally avoid the middle of the field and work the sidelines," said Stabler, trying to explain his two interceptions, "but the sides were all ice and our receivers couldn't move well out there."

Pittsburgh hit Oakland with a "spiritual and emotional" downer right at the start when the massive Greene removed his black cupe, flexed his muscles, slapped his helmet into place and galloped onto the field. Joe had not started any of Pittsburgh's previous five games after suffering a pinched nerve in his neck and a pulled groin muscle, and he was supposed to be employed only on special occasions against the Raiders. But there he was in black-and-gold living color. "We saw *Jaws* on our flight from the Coast," said Oakland Coach John Madden, "and that shark reminded me of Mean Joe."

Greene was more of a mental deterrent than a physical obstacle against the Raiders. His mere presence helped the Steelers confine the Oakland running game and, in the end, to shut it off com-



After Franco kicked Cornerback Gatzke aside, there was nothing ahead but the end zone.

pletely. "If we don't stop the Oakland run," Steeler Linebacker Jack Ham said before the game, "we all get to watch the Super Bowl on TV because Stabler will be able to pick us apart." Obviously respectful even of a half-mean Greene, Oakland ran only five plays in his and sidekick L.C. Greenwood's direction during the game, gaining a mere nine yards. "We took one side of the field completely away from them," Ham said.

While the Raiders had worried about their running problems, the Steelers occupied themselves with discussions of Oakland's Mad Stork. In the Raiders' triumph over Cincinnati the previous week, Hendricks had sacked Quarterback Ken Anderson four times and had played Ping-Pong with a number of Anderson's spirals. "According to the films," Bradshaw said, "Hendricks always lined up against the weak side and never had anyone over him. A guard or a running back should have picked him up, but they never did." Ironically, Hendricks had languished on the Oakland bench for much of the season, not starting a game until Defensive End Tony Cline's knee injury so weakened the Oakland front four that John Madden had to switch to a

three-man front with four linebackers.

The Steelers appeared ecstatic as they contemplated the weaknesses of the Oakland defense—or the alleged weaknesses. "It has to be weak against the run," said Center Ray Mansfield. "All we have to do is handle the guy in the middle, the guy who plays head-up against me—Art Thoms—and we should be able to get three, four, five yards a crack against them automatically." Guard Sam Davis and Running Back Rocky Bleier were understandably more concerned about Hendricks than about Thoms, mainly because they would have to block the Stork on his anticipated charges into the Pittsburgh backfield. "You can't cut-block Hendricks because he'll step over you," Davis said, "and you can't try to charge out at him because he'll grab you with those long arms and throw you aside. You've got to mirror him, play him like a basketball player, juke with him, stay with him."

Much like Mean Joe, Hendricks never made contact with the quarterback, as Davis and the other Steeler guards, or the smaller Bleier, constantly cut him off en route. And when the Steelers ran with the ball they generally went to their strong right side, away from Hendricks

continued

SNO-FLO, FROST-GUARD AND HOMEMADE MUFFS

"We couldn't tell whether we had the ball in our hands or not," said Steeler Mike Collier, whose kick-return performance was relatively impressive in that he only lost the ball once. The ball must have spent the whole game yearning for a warm embrace, just as all those cleats were begging for something to sink into. The wind-chill factor was minus 12, the tarp covering the field had split the night before and little chemical bodies

ally, he licked them to keep them warm. "I kept tasting that stuff they put on the field," he said. "It tasted bitter. But not as bitter as it would've if we'd lost."

"My hands weren't cold," said Linebacker Andy Russell, who scoffed at his teammates' mittens, "but I've had so many busted-up fingers and I've got so many knuckles double-taped that I can barely use my hands to pick up my helmet to go on the field."

By and large the Steelers felt that numb hands and slipping feet were less significant than that terrible condition players have to contend with every week, the condition that has loused up Russell's hands—hard contact. The bad footing made it difficult to plant oneself and deliver, but all day people kept skimming over the artificial turf to knock other people silly and the ball free. "Everybody was trying to strip the ball," said Franco Harris. "I am glad that thing is over."

Fourteen of the Steelers wore special Canadian football shoes with long, pointed cleats, as they had in last year's Super Bowl. These were introduced by trainer Tony Parisi, but they can hardly have figured in the victory because the Raiders, having heard about a good thing, wore them, too. But Parisi's wife Joan sewed muffs on the Steelers' jerseys—fleece-lined flaps to stick their hands into. And all the Steeler receivers wore Wilson golf gloves.

Roy Gerela believed the wind affected his kicks more than anything else, but he worried about his foot all afternoon. "The first time I went on the field, I didn't feel anything in it," he said. "It would get cold inside my shoe so I'd take it off and hold my foot up to the heater on the sidelines, but then one side would get cold while the other was warming."

Also on the sideline heaters were jars of Fern-Grip, or, as receivers call it, stickum. Ordinarily they put gobs of it on their ankles and reach down for touchups when necessary. But this day the stickum froze.

"A lot of people paw the idea," said Mansfield, "but I know the ball contracts when it gets cold."

"I had frostbite in the Army," said L.C. Greenwood, "and I felt it coming back."

But Linebacker Jack Lambert said, "In a game as big as this, you put little things like fingers and toes out of your mind."

Joe Greene had his own theory about whipping the weather: "You get all fired up and your body's gonna keep you warm." That was his theory, but Greenwood admitted nothing had kept him warm. With great dignity, after the game he slipped a good half-dozen rings over his suffering fingers and stepped into a big fur coat. What kind of fur was it? "A little rabbit, a little cat, a little chicken," he said. He looked cozy.

—ROY BLOUNT JR.



Steeler hero Bradshaw had the hot hands.

known as Sno-Flo had been spread on the icy spots. The players didn't much care for the feel of Sno-Flo—"those little white balls out there"—crunching underfoot. Terry Bradshaw kept calling it salt—"The ball got so slippery with the salt and water that I couldn't get a grip," he said.

The Steelers, perhaps not willing to be upstaged by the conditions, tended to minimize their importance. Good hands and feet are to a great extent in the head, and Receiver Coach Lionel Taylor said, "Our players just had to concentrate more."

But in the Oakland dressing room, Cliff Branch was claiming, "It was the worst field I've ever played on," and Tight End Bob Moore said, "The kindest word I can think of is treacherous."

"We did exactly what we wanted to today," insisted Jack Ham, one of the Steelers' All-Pro linebackers. He had rubbed a white substance, Frost-Guard, on his hands before slipping them into golf gloves. "Ted Kwalick told me about it," Ham said. "Men in the Coast Guard use it." It was the first time Ham and Safety Mike Wagner had tried gloves, though the Pittsburgh receivers had experimented with them in recent weeks in practice.

"Your hands get numb," said Center Ray Mansfield. "What I did, I licked my fingers so they would freeze onto the ball." Actu-

ally, he licked them to keep them warm. "I kept tasting that stuff they put on the field," he said. "It tasted bitter. But not as bitter as it would've if we'd lost."

For horror freaks, the third quarter rated an Oscar. Pittsburgh started it by missing a 44-yard field goal after Stabler threw an interception to Mike Wagner, and then Hendricks blocked another Pittsburgh field-goal attempt. Oakland appeared to be the beneficiary of the game's first major break when rookie Mike Collier fumbled Ray Guy's end-over-end punt when Collier lost his footing at the Pittsburgh 16. Unbelievably, two plays later Banaszak fumbled the ball when he was in the open, and Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert pounced on the first of his three recoveries. But Pittsburgh returned the favor when Lynn Swann fumbled at midfield as George Atkinson clotheslined him and sent him to the hospital with a concussion. Following the afternoon's script, Clarence Davis fumbled right back to Lambert at the Pittsburgh 30 three plays later. At last, mercifully, the period ended.

Two plays into the final quarter, Bradshaw thought he would shake up the already shivering Raiders by sending Harris out around the left side. As Harris stepped out, Stallworth cracked back from his receiver's spot and wiped out several Raiders with a devastating block, leaving Franco head on against rookie Neal Colzie, who was starting at cornerback in place of the injured Willie Brown. "I'm not worried about Colzie's inexperience," Madden had said, "because he's already played 21 games for us this year." Colzie tried to stand Harris up by sticking his helmet into Franco's chest, but Harris disdainfully brushed him aside and barreled down the sidelines on the 25-yard touchdown that put Pittsburgh ahead 10-0.

With his running game nullified, Stabler now went overhead and, in six plays, passed the Raiders to a touchdown. Three times he connected with Dave Casper, one of four tight ends on the Oakland roster, and each time Casper made a good catch in traffic. For the touchdown, Stabler whipped a sidearm pass

from the Pittsburgh 14-yard line to Mike Siani in the end zone.

Aroused by Stabler's efforts, the Raiders stopped the Steelers on their next series and forced a punt. But Marv Hubbard fumbled on Oakland's first play, Lambert recovered again and Bradshaw went to work on Colzie. On third-and-five at the Oakland 20, he sent Stallworth at the rookie, and for an instant it appeared that Colzie would intercept the ball. But he lost his footing, tumbled to the ground, and Stallworth picked off the pass for a touchdown. Gierela then added to the day's entertainment with his dropkick act.

Thanks to Pittsburgh's continuing blunders, Oakland did end up just 15 yards from the Super Bowl, but that still spells defeat. "The only thing wrong with the Raiders," Greene said, "is that they've always been so good they've never been able to sneak up on anyone." Mansfield conceded, "Sometimes you have to feel bad for a team like that. They stopped us on the run today. They stopped us with that three-man line, even though we didn't think it was possible. And they still lost." There was, in fact, only one player in the Pittsburgh clubhouse who was close to what might be called gloating—Mel Blount, the man who had been burned by Cliff Branch a year ago but who had held the fleet little receiver to zero receptions for the first 58 minutes of this game. "I think Branch deserved at least one catch," Blount said. "Don't you?"

So Madden, confronted by failure once again, stood in the Oakland dressing room and tried to describe his feelings. "What about the turnovers, Al?" someone asked him, confusing Madden with Oakland Managing Partner Al Davis. "First of all," Madden said, "my name is John, not Al, and John thinks that it is all over. This was going to be our year, the year we finally won everything after all those years of frustration—and now it is all over. That's what John thinks."

On his way to the Pittsburgh victory celebration, some Steeler player had the final word. On the blackboard he had erased the Pittsburgh temperature—16°—and had replaced it with the Miami temperature—67°. Whatever it will be in Miami on Jan. 18, it will be warmer than it was last Sunday in Pittsburgh. "We'll be bringing our golf shoes," Mansfield said, "not our ice skates."

CONTINUED



Time finally ran out for Oakland as Cliff Branch was tackled on the Pittsburgh 15-yard line.

DALLAS COMING OF AGE? ROGER!

by DAN JENKINS

The team from the long-suffering National Conference with the best chance to beat the Steelers is, in fact, going to the Super Bowl, and it is about time for the world to realize that the Dallas Cowboys are better than they are lucky, tougher than they are miraculous, smarter than they are enthusiastic, and perhaps even the team of *now* rather than tomorrow. Miami might be v-e-r-y interesting if Roger Staubach's arm doesn't drop off when he's saluting the flag, and if Coach Tom Landry's brain doesn't explode with ideas.

Last Sunday in Los Angeles there was supposed to be this rib-knocking game against the "physical" Rams and the "youthful" Cowboys. The Rams were the tough team of Coach Chuck Knox, who spoke beforehand of such things as "putting the old Riddell on," of going out there with either James Harris or Ron Jaworski at quarterback—it wouldn't matter—and getting it on with the blocking and tackling and desire. The Cowboys were the team that was supposed

to still be apologizing for Drew Pearson's last-gasp catches the week before back in Minnesota, the team that in training camp was hoping for a 7-7 regular season, the team that lost the Eastern Division title to St. Louis—which of course had been buried by the Rams.

What it looked like, however, after about 30 minutes in the Coliseum, where the Rams have been breaking hearts for years, is that the Cowboys are the most physical, resourceful, talented and creative bunch to come out of the NFC in quite a while, young or old, and they certainly proved as much in their shockingly easy victory over the Rams. The final score was 37-7 as Staubach threw four touchdowns of the most fascinating variety, and as the Dallas defense practically drove the Rams' offense out across the street into Julie's restaurant.

In order, Staubach threw a screen pass for a touchdown that made it 7-0; a quick bullet for a touchdown that made it 14-0; a flare-out for a touchdown, thanks to a diving catch by Preston Pearson, that

made it 21-0; and, finally, a dredged-up old shovel pass for a touchdown—as if Davey O'Brien had somehow slipped into the game—that made the score 28-0. After this, Roger did just anything he wanted to and motorized the Cowboys to three field goals, but then Dallas seemed to have been doing anything it wanted to do against the Rams from the beginning.

You would have to dig back through 35 seasons to that 73-0 victory of the Chicago Bears over the Washington Redskins to find a playoff or championship game in which one team so thoroughly embarrassed a good opponent. That the Rams were never in the game was evidenced by the statistics as much as the score. Their ground game was nonexistent. Forget the fourth quarter when the Rams got their only touchdown following a doubtful pass-interference call. After three quarters, when Dallas led 34-0, the Rams had only 16 yards rushing and had made no first downs on the ground, and this was primarily because some people named Too Tall Jones, Jethro Pugh, Larry Cole and Harvey Martin weren't going to allow it, they being the most underrated front four in football.

Triple-touchdown man Preston Pearson breezes 18 yards for his first against a background which, from players to Coliseum Parity, is all L.A.



Dallas, meanwhile, was romping all over the field with pass receivers wide open, and the running game was even producing good yardage (195 by the time the day was done) against the likes of Jack Youngblood and Fred Dryer and Merlin Olsen, guys who were supposed to be second in terrific only to the Steelers.

To get right down to it, what was really more surprising than anything was how demoralized the Rams looked so early, when it could still have been a ball game. Down on the sideline in the first half were witnesses who can testify that only Youngblood and Dryer were displaying any spunk or fire, vocally or otherwise. Dryer had thought the Rams were truly ready. The evening before the game he had worn a T shirt that read "Do It in the Dirt," and had said, "That's what we're going to do tomorrow," meaning handle the Cowboys on the natural Coliseum turf where Staubach couldn't scramble as artfully as he could on a rug. "We're going to screw the old Riddell on and get 'em," Dryer said, sounding more serious than he normally is. And then he went away to study more film. When Chuck Knox added, "We're ready to play a good football game," there was no reason not to believe him. And when the Rams looked relaxed and confident as they warmed up before the kickoff, in contrast to the tenseness of the Cowboys, a man had a right to feel they were sure to give a splendid account of themselves.

There was just this one psychological problem the Rams might have had, and no one could say what its effect would be. Ron Jaworski had become an overnight darling in Los Angeles by coming in to replace James Harris at quarterback, beating Pittsburgh in the last game of the regular season and then staying in to bombard the Cardinals in the first round of the playoffs. Jaworski is a better passer, short or long, than Harris, with a quicker release. And as he had shown in the Cardinal game, he has a more fiery spirit. Early in the week, though, Knox announced he was going to start Harris, whose injured shoulder apparently had healed.

A lot of people said it might be the biggest decision of Knox's career, particularly if he was wrong. "He's in a position where he can't win," said Sonny Jurgensen of TV-land. "Everybody wants him to go with Jaworski, but Harris has won a lot of games for him."

Carroll Rosenbloom, the Rams' own-

er, said, "We might be putting our hearts ahead of our minds by starting Harris." No one really knew what was the best thing to do, or how the Rams would respond. Or, more important, how Harris would respond.

Then, very quickly, they found out. On his first series of downs Harris drew a delay-of-game penalty, and that is not what a team does when it has come out to kick people around. On his second series, with Too Tall Jones storming in on him, Harris threw a pass almost straight into the arms of the Cowboys' D D. Lewis, which gave Dallas the ball at the Rams' 18.

Immediately after the interception, Staubach got off the first of his many perfectly executed plays, a screen pass to Preston Pearson for a touchdown. The Rams were both stunned and stung, and they were never to be themselves thereafter. Jaworski came on, to an approving roar from the 84,483 spectators. He hit his first pass, and he took the Rams to a field-goal try, which could have made it 7-3 and may be awakened his team, but one of those Dallas rookies, Tom Henderson, blazed in to block Tom Dempsey's kick.

Staubach then drove the Cowboys 76 yards to the touchdown that made it 14-0 and removed all doubt. He shot a 42-yarder to Golden Richards, the biggest play in the drive, and he found Richards in the end zone for the touchdown so all alone it looked as if the Rams had only five players on the field. This was a play-action pass from the Rams' four-yard line, and the reason Richards was all alone was that Cornerback Monte Jackson went for the fake.

Now turn to Preston Pearson, a fine running back, a good blocker and receiver, and the only Cowboy who ever played for another NFL team. Landry got him two days before the opening game of the season when the loaded Steelers had to let somebody go. Pearson not only took the screen pass in for the first touchdown, but also he made that sensational catch on the third touchdown, and it was also Preston Pearson who took the little shovel pass from Staubach and scooted the remaining 19 yards for Dallas' fourth touchdown.

If you are wondering what exactly to

make of Dallas, you might want to consider what Knox was saying even before the game: "They've done a great job of sandbagging. They've got more football players than we do, but right down to the secretaries in their offices they speak the party line—that they're young and lucky. Bunk. A heck of a football team is what they are."

Enger and emotional, too, unlike the old Cowboys. Take the case of Too Tall Jones. "We were scared and nervous," he said late Sunday, "but Coach Landry said that was good. I got up this morning and took a shower and was ready to go. Then I looked at the clock and it was 2 a.m."

Roger Staubach summed up these Cowboys the best, and the Steelers would do well to take note. "We're nervous," said Roger, "and we're hungry and we have more fun than the Dallas teams of old."

The Cowboys have seldom had more fun than they did on Sunday in Los Angeles, and if they continue having it right on through Jan. 18 in Miami, a good question will be how many consecutive Super Bowls is this team of tomorrow going to win? **END**



Triple-outdown victim Lawrence McCutcheon is stripped of his shirt, dignity and yardage.

A CAVALIER ATTITUDE IS PAYING OFF

When Cleveland was losing, Bill Fitch told a lot of jokes. Nowadays he doesn't need gags to cheer up his winning players **by PAT PUTNAM**

In the past, when the Cleveland Cavaliers were clumping around in the lower reaches of the NBA's Central Division, which was most of the time, Bill Fitch could always somehow manage to coax a twinkle from his green eyes, unleash a few hilarious one-liners and exit laughing from the Cavs' latest defeat. So that is what the world suspected he was up to again last Thanksgiving when, with the Cavs sagging at 6-11 and looking up even at New Orleans, Fitch announced that he had just traded two promising young players to Chicago for Rowland Garrett and Nate Thurmond. For old Nate Thurmond. For *hatched* Nate Thurmond. For *washed-up* Nate Thurmond.

Well, at one point last week Fitch was laughing again, which is a natural reaction when your team has just won 10 of its last 11 games and is sitting just half a game off the division lead. That was Friday afternoon in Philadelphia, a few hours before the 76ers would momentarily derail the Cavs. Fitch was explaining the Thanksgiving move that seemed maddest then and now appears magical. Or, as Fitch insisted, nothing more than exactly what he expected.

"I don't gamble. Not with people," said Fitch, whose proclivity for comedy has declined with his team's increasing respectability. "I'm a belt-and-suspenders man. I don't take many chances. And I can tell you there aren't many 12-year veterans I would think about adding to our kids. If you don't have high character in your people it can be a terribly long season. And Nate is a great person. He's been just great around our young people. And let me ask you—do you know what player played the most minutes for Chicago last season?"

The answer, of course, is Thurmond, and at age 33 it must have been agony. Chicago had traded expensively for his 6'11", 230-pound presence in the pivot, and when the Bulls didn't win, Thur-

mond was the one they blamed. "Things got kind of bad in Chicago," said Thurmond, who once—and not too long ago—was one of the game's superstars. He is still a man of character, when he arrived in Cleveland to greet his new teammates he was as shy as a rookie, hardly the disgruntled hotshot.

"The players were great," he says. "They accepted me right from the first day. And Fitch said there would be no pressure on me. Not if we won 20 or lost 20. It didn't matter. All of a sudden the game is fun again. They have given me a new life."

Nate has given the Cavaliers 16 to 20 minutes a game of 100%; Thurmond. Almost the Nate Thurmond of four or five years ago, especially on defense. "That is just what we want, 16 to 20 minutes," says Fitch. With Thurmond on the floor the Cavaliers enjoy the luxury of being able to rest either starting Center Jim Chones or Forward Jim Brewer, which has resulted in improved performances from both.

"Going from starter to coming in off the bench took a big adjustment," says Thurmond, tacitly admitting that the transition—which had begun for him in Chicago—had been somewhat traumatic. "But you get to a stage in your career when you have to realize you are no longer going to be a star, when you have to forget about your averages and concentrate on contributing everything you have left for the good of the team. It helped me when I remembered a Johnny Carson show I once watched Johnny asked this old man how it felt to be 110 years old and the old man said, 'Johnny, I am just happy to be here to answer that question.'"

At almost the same time Thurmond was arriving in Cleveland, Guard Austin Carr, the Cavs' wonder-scorer who had been sidelined by two knee operations, was discovering that his right leg was once again sound, or at least as sound

as a leg can be after all the cartilage has been removed from the knee. With Carr, the dandy little Clarence (Fots) Walker and the brilliant but erratic Campy Russell, Fitch can pour in reserves as good as any in the NBA.

Russell usually replaces Forward Bobby (Bingo) Smith, who has been hampered by a painful knee bruise of late and hates to be reminded that he is the only one left from the original 1970 bunch. Smith and Guard Dick Snyder, a nine-year veteran who scored his 10,000th point Saturday night during a 104-100 loss to Detroit, are the pure shooters among the starters. Jim Clemons, the other starting guard, handles the play-making as well as any backcourtman in the league. Clemons' problem—if you can call it a problem—is that he is a stylist who seldom makes a mistake, and as a result his more colorful peers capture all the attention.

"The people who win in this league are the people who put the team ahead of themselves. If you don't believe that, just ask Al Attles," Fitch intones, referring to Golden State's exponent of togetherness and putting his one-liners a whole light-year behind him. "If you don't have people who will bust their butts when things are going badly, it's a tough league. And your people have to be self-motivated. If you rely on people you have to put and kick and beg, well, there aren't enough hours in the day."

Why, then, did he trade away a No. 1 1975 draft choice to Los Angeles in 1974 for the right to negotiate with Chones? The slender 6'11" All-America center from Marquette had spent the two previous seasons in the ABA, never reaching stardom, usually sulking. Fitch says, again, that he knows people and never gambles.

"I didn't know where I was or where I was going," says Chones, who has become one of the quicker centers in the NBA. "Coach Fitch gave me a chance. We had long talks, and he told me if I played hard enough he would keep me on the floor. In the ABA I hurt myself because I didn't have what you'd call a pro attitude. Maybe the big thing now is that I'm married and I'm staying home more."

"You know what I did last summer?" he asks. "I played basketball. And when I wasn't playing, I was running. People who know me don't believe that. I want this team to improve. We had the club's



Poole Walker's shot is smothered by Detroit's Bob Lanier. On the floor with Walker are Cerv sub Cammy Russell (10) and starter Jim Brewer.

best record last year and a lot of people got excited. But looking at it realistically, we didn't make the playoffs and we didn't even finish with a .500 record."

In its first five seasons the Cavaliers lost \$4.6 million plus the \$3.7 million it put up just to join the league. Still, last season was encouraging. Cleveland lost only \$517,272, and from early February on, as the team made a good run at a play-off spot, attendance climbed dramatically. This year the Cavs opened with more than 3,000 season tickets sold, and in their last five home appearances have

averaged better than 17,000 per game.

The city is starving for a winner. Cleveland has not had a champion in any sport since the NFL Browns and AHL Barons in 1964, unless you count Chet Oblock's Pyramid Café slow-pitch team that won a national tournament last year. Still, as Fitch says, things can always be worse. Last season the Cavs moved into their magnificent \$35 million palace after playing four years in the dank old arena that Boston's John Havlicek made famous with his remark, "Every time I leave the locker room I'm afraid I've

caught an incurable disease." To show this season's players how much better off they are, Fitch, with great glee, chartered a bus before the first game and took them all on a tour of the old arena.

"We made that place historic," says Fitch.

By losing so many games?

"No, by losing so many cars. Every year we played there, Cleveland led the nation in stolen cars. And half of them came out of our parking lot!"

Maybe there's hope for Fitch the comic yet.

END

OHIO STATE FOLDS, IT'S OKLAHOMA'S POT

When the Buckeyes gambled with passes and lost to UCLA, the Sooners cashed in to win the national title

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

It was at one of those \$10-a-plate pregame bowl luncheons where much is said and nothing is said seriously that Bo Schembechler, narrating a brief highlight film of his Michigan football team, suddenly found himself narrating a blank screen. "This must be Oklahoma," he ad-libbed. The laughter from the luncheon crowd at the downtown Miami hotel all but drowned out Bo's hasty cover-up: "They're so fast you can't see 'em."

Hardly anyone had seen the Sooners since they fell from grace and went on probation a couple of years ago. But now they are back—back on television, big as life in redressed red and newly cleansed white, back in the bowls and polls (both polls, not just the Associated Press), and back, with the heavens and the wire services declaring their glory, to the top as national champions. Michigan saw them, all right. Going thataway.

On a glittering Miami night fit for a coronation, Oklahoma Selmonized the Wolverines on defense with the brothers

Dewey and Leroy and gave them some newtime religion in the person of Minister-Quarterback Steve Davis on offense and won the Orange Bowl convincingly 14-6. Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer said, "I hope the pollsters don't hold Michigan's two-yard touchdown drive against us," it having occurred late in the game after still another in a season-long series of Oklahoma fumbles to ruin a merited shutout. Only a man fresh out of solitary could have thought such a thing.

An hour before he left for the Indian Creek Country Club and the last round of Orange Bowl parties the next evening, Switzer got the word: Oklahoma is a twin landslide (AP and UPI), with Arizona State, the only major unbeaten team left at season's end, second; Alabama third; and woebegone Ohio State and its coach, Woody Hayes, fourth. Hayes was rendered speechless by his team's 23-10 foldup to UCLA in the Rose Bowl, the game that immediately preceded the Orange on New Year's Day and

set the stage for Oklahoma's ascent. Oklahoma had a television hookup into its dressing room to catch Ohio State's descent. "I knew NBC would be selling our game as the national championship," said Switzer, "so I did, too [in a pregame pep talk to the Sooners]. But, hell, they already knew it."

Thus the process that elevated USC as champion last year was reversed. Then it was Alabama tumbling from the top at Notre Dame's hand in the Orange after USC upset Ohio State in the Rose. Oklahoma, favored by six, was one of just a handful of teams to hold form in a fortnight of bowl games disastrous for favorites (Nebraska, N.C. State, Florida, Texas A&M and Ohio State). It did so by going about its business as usual, by being murderous on defense with Dewey Selmon plowing them under and Leroy Selmon notifying the next of kin, to use Bob Hope's line, and by making enough big plays and spectacular mistakes on offense to keep the 80,307 fans from nodding off.

The matchup of the two defensive giants did not live down to some of the more dire pregame predictions. A Miami News columnist foresaw the game as having just the right ingredients for tedium: a team, Oklahoma, that would not pass against a team, Michigan, that could not defend against the pass; the writer said he was attending just for the halftime show. And it might not have been as much fun for the non-Oklahoman were it not for the marvelously erratic beat of the Oklahoma wishbone. In the hands of a young devil-may-care (pardon the expression, preacher) quarterback like Davis, the ball tends to fly around, even if the passes are not always spiral or downfield. Oklahoma fumbled 58 times this year, 13 times in one game.

But Davis is not the discouraging type, not if being 32-1-1 as the regular Sooners quarterback to these three years is any indication. As a licensed Baptist preacher, he is said to be a charged-up speaker; a stand-up, take-no-nonsense guy with a rock-of-ages chin and an enviable shock of brown hair. A man, Switzer likes to say, "with good connections." This is not to imply that Davis is more than human. A couple of seasons ago one of the Selmons got some snapshots from a girl fan in Michigan—at

For much of the Rose, the Buckeyes stopped here: Johnson is buried under a UCLA avalanche.



least Publicist John Keith says she was from Michigan, and it makes a better story—that included a number of breathtaking poses in a bikini. "Gee," said Davis as the pin-ups made the locker-room rounds, "all I ever get are Bible tracts."

Davis said beforehand his play had been "inconsistent" this year; he joked that he had been advised to "stop praying and start playing." Nevertheless, he was the honored speaker at an Orange Bowl breakfast, and delivered, on the 50-yard line, the pregame invocation—which was interrupted in mid-prayer by the public-address announcer's giddy if irreverent bulletin that UCLA was knocking Ohio State's block off in the Rose Bowl. "Shall we try again?" smiled Davis, and bowed his head.

It was his only intercept of the night. After a fitful start, the Oklahoma wishbone ripped through the vaunted Michigan defense for 345 yards, 282 by land and Davis' 63 by air on three completions in five throws, and quieted for a time those who have been saying that the once dread formation now has more wish in it than bone.

Early in the game, however, the Sooners were offered a boggling variety of stunts and slants by the smallish Michigan forwards, and instead of making a positive opening address the offense stammered. One Sooner lineman complained to his coaches that "when we

look to block a guy he isn't there. We're calling audibles on an awful lot of plays." Oklahoma did not make a first down until its third possession.

But it is a highly sophisticated offense, this Oklahoma wishbone. "After you've seen something a few times, no matter how surprised you are at first, you find ways to handle it," said Larry Lacey, Oklahoma's defensive coordinator. "It's a learning process finding out what to do and when to do it."

The what and the when came in a sequence of two big plays midway in the second quarter, and turned forever in Oklahoma's favor the tide of battle. All week long visitors to Oklahoma practices had been impressed by the number of passes thrown. "We always practice this way," said Switzer, "but it doesn't mean we'll do it in the game. We start with the run, and go from there." The reason the Sooners pass so much in practice is obvious: just when you think they'll *never* pass in a game, they do it right. And when they do it right, it's bombs away. This season Davis averaged more than 23 yards a completion.

He had thrown only twice, completing one, when he set up housekeeping on the Oklahoma 20 after a second-period Michigan field-goal miss, the game still scoreless. From there he had, another completion to Tinker Owens (his only receiver all night) nullified by a holding

penalty. Then, two plays later from the 21, Davis passed again to the irrepressible Owens, this time slanting deep down the middle. As he went up for the ball at the Michigan 43, Owens wore Michigan's Dwight Hicks on his back, but he shielded him from the ball with his shoulders and, with Hicks' arms describing a halo over his head, came down with the ball at the Michigan 39. It was a perfectly lovely reception.

"We wanted to come right back with another big play," Switzer said later, and the play he chose is an old favorite of the Oklahoma coaching staff. It is "17-reverse" in the playbook, an end-around, and, according to Lacey, "It saved our jobs in 1970 when we weren't doing too well and beat Iowa State with it in the last minute or so. I'm not kidding—it saved our jobs. I'm always yelling at our offensive coaches in the press box, 'Call the end-around, call the end-around.' With the same guy [Billy Brooks] we beat Texas with it last year. I love it."

Owens came out for a breath of air and Brooks replaced him at split end. Reverse-17 was waggled in by signal from the sidelines. Davis, following the blocking flow to the left, took off on an apparent keeper. Brooks pivoted and came back against the flow and on an arc outside of the advancing Davis. The play gets hairy at this point because in order to give Brooks more room De- *continued*

Learning that Ohio State had just been beaten, the Oklahoma squad signaled it was now No. 1 and then proved just that in the Orange Bowl.





Brooks flows to Oklahoma's first touchdown.

BOWL GAMES *continued*

vis pitches the ball instead of handing it off in the classic reverse. (Picture having to toss, well, an orange from the window of a moving car into the front seat of another moving car bearing down from the opposite direction.) "We always do it that way," said Lacerwell. "Makes it more exciting. Of course, we have fumbled it a few times."

Brooks took the flip chest high and was instantly confronted nose to nose by Michigan Defensive End Dan Jilek, who had looped in cautiously to guard against just this type of gallery. The only trouble was that in the swarming Michigan

defensive scheme, at that precise moment, Jilek not only represented the first line of defense, he also represented the last. Brooks made an abrupt stop, did a perfect *pas de char*, like a spider hopping sideways, and left Jilek groping. And suddenly Brooks was clear and sprinting downfield. When he squirted past the last reacting Michigan defender near the 20 he was free to the end zone.

With the Oklahoma defense creating earthquakes, it seemed sure at that point that one touchdown was all the Sooners needed. Consider the Oklahoma defense. Consider what Switzer said beforehand. "Talent," he said, "is our edge. Defenses will decide this game, and the thing we have on defense is superior people, like the Selmons and Jimbo Elrod."

In studying Michigan films, Lacerwell determined that most of the Michigan running attack, on the legs of 1,000-yard rushers Gordon Bell and Rob Lytle, was concentrated to the side of the tight end. So he simply had Dewey Selmon, at nose guard, cheat just a hair to that side. And if anything, Dewey (257 pounds) outshone brother Leroy (256), who is expected to be the No. 1 pick in the National Football League draft next month. Dewey made 12 tackles and helped on one more, and with Leroy and Elrod and some fine linebacking completely shut down the Michigan attack after the first quarter. The line of scrimmage taken

away, Bell and Lytle averaged barely three yards a carry, and the leading Michigan rusher turned out to be freshman Quarterback Rick Lench, mostly on busted plays.

To make up for the rushing deficiency, Schembeler let his Wolverines throw passes—20 in all, more than twice their average. And not one was completed until there were 31 seconds left in the game. More were intercepted (three) than were completed (two).

From the second quarter to the game's closing minutes, Michigan was unable to put two first downs together. Trailing 7-0, it did have a chance to tie the game in the third quarter when Oklahoma, up to old tricks, fumbled the ball away on its 26. Not to be outdone, Michigan gave it back moments later when Bell's third-down halfback pass fluttered safely into the arms of Oklahoma Safety Sidney Brown in the end zone. "I think he thought I was the receiver," said Brown.

Having adjusted their blocking assignments, the Sooners closed off debate with an old-fashioned 65-yard wishboner on the skirts of that interception, a 12-play drive bridging the third and the fourth periods. Davis did not complete a pass, but ran the triple option like the outstanding pioneer he is, getting eight, 12 and 16 yards himself, the last run helped along by a kicked fumble (see the fun he has?) that bounced out of bounds upheld. He got the touchdown on an option from 10 yards out.

Switzer did not get to sleep until dawn was pushing up over Biscayne Bay, sending fingers of light into his room at the Americana. He hobnobbed with friends in the hospitality suite, relived the game with coaches, signed autographs, told stories and nursed his Scotch, not wanting the night to end. He said the team had played much the way Oklahoma had in its last television game way back in 1973, a 27-0 victory over Nebraska. In the Orange Bowl dressing room, Oklahoma players had shouted, "Bring on the Dolphins!" but Switzer said it was the cry of honeymooners.

"We're going to fall off a little now," he said. "With the talent we're losing—the Selmons, Davis, Owens, Elrod—the next three years won't be what the last three were. Now we'll be on television and everybody will see us, and we won't be as good. It's ironic."

Nonetheless, it's nice seeing you again, Oklahoma.

CONTINUED



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WHEN IT CAME TO PASS, UCLA KNEW HOW

by JOE JARES

There was little indication during the early part of the Rose Bowl that Oklahoma would have the remotest shot at the national championship. By half-time Ohio State led UCLA only 3-0, but it seemed like 33-0. The Buckeyes, led by two-time Heisman Trophy winner Archie Griffin and Football Writers' Coach of the Year Woody Hayes, were favored by two touchdowns or more, and were undefeated and ranked No. 1 in both polls. In the first half they controlled the ball almost 21 of the 30 minutes, and were ahead in first downs 11-2 and in rushing yardage 155-9. They had romped over UCLA 41-20 earlier in the season and now it appeared they were going to come out in the second half and trample the Bruins' overworked defense.

During preparations for the game Hayes had indicated privately that this might be the best team in his 25 years at



Ohio State was hit by a lightning bolt named Wally Henry, who caught two touchdown passes.

Ohio State, superior to the 1954 bunch that starred Hopalong Cassidy and the 1968-69-70 teams led by Rex Kern and Jack Tatum. "It's a closer team than last year's," he said, "and our seniors have played and acted like sophomores. They've been inspirational."

But the Buckeyes, 30 minutes from a

national championship, never got there. All of a sudden UCLA Quarterback John Sciarra, who wasn't supposed to be able to pass even the butter with much accuracy, was connecting left and right, long and short, as if he had just undergone an arm transplant. All of a sudden UCLA's running attack, which had gained 61 fewer yards than Griffin had in the first half, was rolling along like Patton's army. With eight seconds to go the Bruins had the game won 23-10 and were running out the clock near the south end zone when Hayes sadly walked directly across the field to congratulate UCLA's Dick Vermeil, a young man who had thoroughly outcoached him.

What did UCLA do at halftime to change things around so surprisingly? "We just came in and ate a little raw meat and spread some gunpowder on everybody's dish," said Bruin Nose Guard Cliff Frazier.

In fact, it was less emotional and more technical than that. Ohio State feared UCLA's veer options, in which Sciarra runs with the ball himself or pitches out at the last moment to speedster Wendell Tyler. So the Buckeye staff came up with a fairly radical plan. Ray Griffin, Archie's younger brother, played much closer to the line of scrimmage than is usual for a safety and, because of his own fine speed, was assigned to nail Tyler should he get a pitchout going either left or right. There were other nuts-and-bolts

An accomplished running quarterback, Sciarra became a deadly passer in the second half.



defensive changes from the previous game against UCLA, including the use of man-to-man pass coverage rather than zone.

"I was really worried with what we were trying to do on defense," said Dick Walker, who coaches the Ohio State secondary, "but we had 16 practices to test the new ideas against good competition—live ammunition—and it worked."

It certainly worked in the first half. The Bruins, who were confident they could move the ball against even the Pittsburgh Steelers, seemed to be butting their heads against the San Gabriel Mountains, visible over the bowl's north rim on a beautiful, crisp day. Three times UCLA had to punt and on the fourth possession a long Scarra pass up the middle was intercepted by a diving Bruce Ruhl. When UCLA finally got its first first down near the half's end and managed to stick its big toe into Buckeye territory, the drive was killed when sophomore Tackle Eddie Beamon sacked Scarra for an eight-yard loss.

But somehow Ohio State couldn't cash in. Some of its inability to do so was caused by UCLA's improved defense and some of it by the inept play of Ohio State Quarterback Cornelius Greene, who was the most valuable player in the Rose Bowl two years ago and in the Big Ten this season. And, although it didn't seem to affect him much, Archie Griffin suffered a broken bone in his left hand on the third play of the game.

Ohio State took the opening kickoff and marched smartly down to the UCLA 25. Tom Klaban kicked a 42-yard field goal for a 3-0 lead. Nothing much went right on offense after that. With fourth and two on the UCLA 33, Greene opted to pass rather than give to Griffin or his humantank, fullback Pete Johnson. The pass was incomplete. An offensive pass-interference penalty and a Greene fumble killed two other drives.

For his part, even though his offense had been completely bottled up, Vermeil was not worried at halftime. He had been notably more in control of himself in this, his second season as a head coach, and his confidence had influenced the team. It was probably a sign of his determined approach to this game when his players staged a mini-revolt during Rose Bowl preparation and complained that he was working them too hard. "We thought it was going to be a piece of cake," said Scarra. "We thought it would be par-

ties, bows and good times. I think we acted a little bit childish. We felt we might have been working a bit too hard. We thought it would be a lot more fun."

"Very few people like to work," said Vermeil. "The first six days on the practice field we worked their living butts off. I just felt we had to make each player a better player and to do that we had to stay out and work."

Vermeil made it very clear he was the boss and was going to run things his way. There was no more trouble. Now in the second half he figured the conditioning was going to pay off—and he made a simple, but major, adjustment. He told Scarra to take advantage of the man-to-man coverage and Ray Griffin's extra duties, and to pass more. Which is what Scarra did, ending the day completing 13 of 19 for two touchdowns.

"There's no way they'll drive on us," a Buckeye assistant coach had said before the game, but UCLA took the second-half kickoff and moved 62 yards to set up Brett White's score-tying 33-yard field goal. On the Bruins' second possession they moved 61 yards to a go-ahead TD on a 16-yard pass play from Scarra to flanker Wally Henry. A few minutes later Scarra connected again with the flamboyant Henry on a 67-yard pass, and Ohio State was reeling, trailing 16-3.

Reeling but not out. The Buckeyes opened the fourth quarter by marching 65 yards to a touchdown, Johnson building his way the last three yards. Klaban's kick was good and they trailed only 16-10. A few minutes later Ohio State took over the driver's seat again. A Scarra

pass was picked off by Craig Cassidy, Hopalong's son, on his own 24 and he carried it back to the 50, where he was knocked out of bounds and then hit again—way late. He stayed down with a shoulder separation, UCLA was penalized for a personal foul and Ohio State had the ball on the Bruin 35.

What would it be? A pitchout to good ol' Archie? Johnson bulldozing up the middle? Some sort of Woody Hayes' flying wedge? Why no, Corby Greene went back to pass, which in view of Ohio State's success on the ground during the preceding touchdown drive may have been one of the least intelligent calls in Rose Bowl history. It was not only a bad call, it was a bad pass, which was stolen by UCLA's Barney Person, and Ohio State never had such an opportunity again. Later, Greene, under a strong rush, was intercepted once more, after which Hayes stomped on his cap, and UCLA came up with another big play, a "51 dive" by Tyler that turned into a 54-yard touchdown run. Whereupon Tyler announced himself as an All-American and Hersman Trophy candidate for next season. Greene wasn't so exuberant. "I just threw awful," he said.

UCLA's victory came 10 years after its last appearance in the Rose Bowl. That was over Michigan State, which had beaten it in the season's opening game, and that time, too, the Bruins had sweet revenge, 14-12.

"We don't go the Rose Bowl very often," said UCLA Athletic Director J. D. Morgan, "but when we do we do it right."

WIN A BATTLE, LOSE A WAR

by LARRY KEITH

And where was Alabama while all this was going on? The Crimson Tide failed to win the national championship for reasons as clear as the huge images on the six superscreens 10 miles above the Mardi Grass in the New Orleans Superdome. It was not so much the opening-game loss to Missouri that cost Alabama the honor as it was Bear Bryant's reluctance to campaign for a berth in the Orange Bowl against the Big Eight champion. When he took the Tide inside the Dome to play Penn State in the Sugar Bowl, he left his No. 1 prospects outside

on Bourbon Street. Bryant got what he wanted, Alabama's 11th straight victory and first bowl triumph since Jan. 2, 1967, but the 13-6 outcome did relatively little for the Tide's chances in the final AP and UPI polls.

Even if Michigan had defeated Oklahoma, the rankings suggest that unbeaten Arizona State would have slipped past 'Bama to the title. The irony is that if Alabama had been in Miami it might have pulled it off. This is a very good team, better than any of those that lost national championship opportunities in three

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previous bowls, to Nebraska in 1972 and to Notre Dame in 1973 and 1975.

"Playing one game for the national title puts too much pressure on the players," Bryant said in his hotel room two days before the game. "Our preparation for Penn State has been the best we've ever had."

The Tide victory did not come easily, but a win against Penn State never does. Bryant was the first to take off his hound's-tooth hat to the Lions, and he did it before the game, revealing a seldom-seen bald spot and his superstitious nature. He may have credited his up-bringing for not wearing his familiar hat indoors but the real reason was he wanted a change of luck. That is also why his wife Mary Harmon asked to ride with him to the game on the team bus. The Bryants were leaving nothing to chance.

The luckiest charm of all, though, was the Alabama passing game, the best of any wishbone team in the country. Quarterback Richard Todd threw only 12 passes, average for the Tide attack, but completed 10 for 210 yards, setting up field goals in the first and fourth quarters and a tie-breaking touchdown in the third. This was plenty of cushion for Alabama's best defense since 1961.

Penn State's Joe Paterno tried everything to bolster his team's offense, hustling people in and out of the backfield, adding new formations and blocking assignments, but the Lions could do no better than 44- and 60-yard drives to Chris Bahr field goals of 42 and 37 yards in the third and fourth quarters. "If Penn State had some of those backs like Mitchell, Harris and Cappelletti," Bryant had said of his handpicked opponent before the game, "they would be in some other bowl playing for the national championship." Right where Alabama should have been.

Paterno had hoped his defense would compensate for the weak offense by forcing turnovers, preferably deep in Tide territory. The defense did plenty of damage, making nine tackles behind the line of scrimmage and holding Alabama to 106 yards rushing. The only mistake of the game was made by the Penn State offense. That was a second-quarter Alabama interception stolen away from Split End Dick Barvinchak by Defensive Back Mark Prudhomme at the Tide six. "Considering the personnel we have on our offense," Paterno said afterward, "we played about as well as we could.

We've needed a break and they didn't give us one."

Without a Nebraska or a Notre Dame—or an Oklahoma—to play, the Alabama team wanted some fun as well as football. Prudhomme was one of three players who started because of curfew violations. Twenty-three Alabamians stayed out late on Monday night and 10 more did the same the following evening. Bryant gave the first group a warning but singled out the three starters in the second group for punitive action. Bear says discipline is not what it used to be, but apparently his bench is better than ever. Prudhomme made the key interception, Split End Joe Dale Harris turned a short gainer into a 54-yard pass play and Linebacker Woodrow Lowe led the defense with 12 tackles.

Todd was the real star, throwing zingers despite a two-slice cut on his middle finger. The 54-yard connection to Harris set up Danny Ridgeway's first field goal, a 25-yarder. The score was 3-3 in the third quarter when Todd called time out and walked to the sideline for a little coaching wisdom. "There were times," he said later, "that I didn't know who to read or who to give the ball to. I called the time-out because they had shifted to our tight-end side, right where we wanted to run a play."

Bryant told his befuddled quarterback to send Wide Receiver Ozzie Newsome long, and Newsome faked out freshman Defensive Back Bill Crumley for a 56-yard gain. Two plays later Todd pitched to Mike Stock, who sped outside Willie Shelby's block for 13 yards and the touchdown.

After another Bahr field goal narrowed the margin to 10-6, Todd directed an eight-minute, 14-play, 62-yard march to Ridgeway's second field goal, a 28-yarder. Todd completed three passes for 20, seven and 15 yards during the drive, and after the game he talked about how he would like to play pro quarterback some day. "I don't think I hurt my chances tonight," he said.

Bryant said his ninth bowl victory after 11 losses and two ties "was one of the greatest wins we ever had. Because of the way we came back after getting our brains kicked out by Missouri, I've never had more respect for a team. Now I'll just sit back and see what happens to Ohio State and Oklahoma."

It is safe to say that only the first game made him happy.

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All through the night the 376 machines sat out on the shelterless prairie south of Winnipeg, 12 tight ranks of snowmobiles inside a snow fence impoundment. Shock cords crisscrossed the hoods, indenting the driver seats from side to side. Tool kits, clutch belts and parts were lashed on. Auxiliary gas tanks were bolted astern. Big blue-on-white racing numbers were plastered wherever they would fit, partly covering names of drivers, mechanics and sponsors—farm-implementation dealers, lawn and garden shops, Pabst Blue Ribbon, the U.S. Navy. The machines were set. The temperature contracted to 22 below zero. The north wind blew endlessly, a steady 32 mph. No one was around. The race crews slept in motels.

Sunrise would start a 500-mile, three-day cross-country race to St. Paul and, on the evidence of nine past runnings, not more than 15% of the machines would ever get there. That would be 57 snowmobiles. Most of these expensive, evil little beauties were going to break, at about \$1,700 an entry, they were decreets already, brand-new and soon to be buried. It would be a marvel if they would even start after this night.

The tradition of a long midwinter race between Winnipeg and St. Paul goes back to 1917 and the old 510-mile Great

Northern Pembina mail route. It used to be a dog sled race, with real dogs. Nowadays it runs in roadside ditches with RCMP or state police spying on the competitors at every turn and crossing. The field is accompanied the whole way by a stream of comfortable cars and trucks. (This year's race, starting Jan. 19, goes the other way, St. Paul to Winnipeg.)

If you do not own a snowmobile, you know that hardcore snowmobilers are beer-swilling oafs with no respect for privacy, quiet, fences, young trees, physical exertion or the trackless beauty of the snow itself. If you follow their trails through field and wood, you will find that they are just using this kiddie car reversion as a way to move from bar to bar. Once in a while they get what's coming to them, good and proper: they crash and break various bones.

But a look around the crowd at the drivers' meeting in Winnipeg that night shatters the stereotype. Apparently this impossible contest is selective. The racers, who come from 23 states and provinces to flirt with destruction, have passed some kind of screening, not for insanity but for good-natured, hearty wholesomeness. This is a mead hall full of Vikings about to deal with Scotsmen hand-to-hand; lots of full-face beards and crow's-feet faces lit with private ex-

equipment, even more than skis and ski equipment; and this is one of the major annual races. But you would almost think the media were purposely looking the other way. Some of the factories hire their own film crews, but their helicopters can't get to Winnipeg—a blizzard stops them to the south. So the start will be almost pure sport, not commerce.

The sunrise through the gray layer of blizzard was triple, three apricot-tinted glows whole points of the compass apart—a "sun dog," meaning it is cold. Down at the border the visibility was zero. Word of this condition was sent back, and the start was delayed. Officials muttered that the machines might have to be trailed down to East Grand Forks, Minn., to start the second day.

That would be awful because there they were in the queer dawnlight, 376 machines, pointed south. But they could not be started now, only topped off with fuel. Then the drivers were kicked out of the compound once again, to mill around and breathe pure frost and wiggle their toes and wait an hour for the go no go announcement. The effective temperature in the wind was -56°. Still dim after rising above the horizon layer, the sun dog doubled. Someone noticed white spots on a photographer's cheeks and hustled him into an ambulance.

Frostbite is the danger. Even that morning the drivers' bodies would be hot once they were racing, but they would have to protect their faces carefully with masks of leather and rabbit fur or of wool with plumber's tape around their eyes and over their noses. They all made defectors of the tape: over the nose and out to the face shield or helmet to keep their breath from steaming goggles. The 16-year-olds and the two women racers looked like grown monsters. One would not have wanted the job of telling these Martians that they could not start their race.

At 10 o'clock one of the officials from St. Paul climbed a snow pile, trued his frozen bullhorns—through which he sounded as if he had been breathing helium—then gave up and bawled the only news acceptable. A driver and mechanic rushed to every sled, greatly relieved. Hoods were removed, chokes set, dry gas

continued

AND THEY'RE OFF—AT 56 BELOW

The St. Paul winter carnival was 500 miles away and the weather was every driver's worst enemy

by MASON SMITH

The gateway was hazardous enough, but then came the great northland shakedown that cut the field of 376 snowmobilers to a hardy few.

citement. They are dignified. They are somehow nice.

There are few fearless idiots in racing. These racers are disciplined: they don't just hope to finish but intend to win. How easily they shed the hoo-ha from the St. Paul Winter Carnival promoters who all want to clutch the microphone and say farewell with excessive drama. And, overcome by the scene, snowmobile PR men tear their hair. To think that they can't get through to *Wide World of Sports*—this thing is really big.

In business volume snowmobiles are said to involve more money than all firearms and ammunition, more than golf

and ether readied. The front line was allowed to crank. A cloud of exhaust fog went up, yellow, blue and white. Irregularly, the front rank jerked ahead beneath the banner. The second rank was permitted to start engines. One minute later the first was off.

If the whole race were this dangerous, nobody would get to East Grand Forks, let alone St. Paul. In the first 100 yards of sorting out, going from 30 abreast to five, to one, hitting the drifts with no visibility in the snowfog and exhaust condensation, drivers were catapulted loose and sleds overturned. Someone was hit, someone was hurt.

The second wave skidded ahead to the line. The third started engines. Broken sleds and drivers dotted the prairie. The second wave roared and went out of sight in its own smoke. One Yamaha driver hit a drift, flew horizontally above his sled and came down alongside it while the sled went end over. He slowly got up, threw the sled back on its skis, pulled the rope. It didn't start. The fourth wave cranked up, the third took off. Somehow between an observer's glances, the Yamaha disappeared.

You can't really follow this race by ear. If you see the start, you can never catch up with the first wave. You drive down course, see a few desolate machines already finished, pass a few not running well and stop to watch machines from later waves come across. It approaches boredom.

Perhaps that is best. Were there spectators on the old mail run? Up here in these white expanses where the sleds stretch out sometimes half a mile apart, the race is pure, it belongs to the drivers only. If you experience it at all, you do so through some of them that you have spoken to: Ian and Dave Corbett of Winnipeg and Phil Hazen of Essex Junction, Vt., on Sno-Jets. Harry Austin, met in a bar last night, comes from The Pys, Manitoba, and drives a John Deere. Bill Benedict, from the Minnesota Iron Range, sells Arctic Cats and lives for such events as this. A professional driver who has won this race twice is Dale Cormican. You try to get to someplace from which you can see them pass, just once, see how they're running, how their time to the border compares.

Still, one can't help seeing the race as a competition between manufacturers. No independent has ever won. The big

makers field their own pros. Polaris is always strong. Last year it was Arctic. Ski-Doo has a couple of top drivers in the race. So has Mercury.

This year the unusual policies of one newer manufacturer have produced a slight embarrassment. John Deere, only three years in the business, decided to go for the 500. But not just for a factory-team victory—for a numerical, statistical win with lots of independents among the finishers. The company hired Cormican to help design its machine and head the factory team, and gave dealers and customers unprecedented financial support and incentive to enter sleds. Everything Cormican discovered about tuning and strengthening the machines was shared immediately with the John Deere independents.

John Deere hoped for 100 entries. It got 187. Half the field was John Deeres. The old tractor company seemed to have gone acquisitive. Its green sleds had been winning cross-country events, and Cormican was reason enough by himself. If one asked why Cormican should so consistently run in front in this fate-ridden steepchase, his mechanic looked up from the machine and said, in complete seriousness, "Explain Richard Petty." That was about it.

Cormican's performance this first day was standard. He started in the fourth wave at Winnipeg 15 minutes behind the front rank. He passed about 85 machines, crashed twice, got lost once and came into East Grand Forks 11th in order of arrival. Ian and Dave Corbett both made it, with 34th and 38th best times, Phil Hazen was 111th, Harry Austin 81st. Bill Benedict ran powerfully and finished seventh in elapsed time, best among the 74 Arctic Cats.

But the bottom of the ditches had been out-of-the-question rough. Everybody rode on the sides all day. Somewhere, the side of the ditch becomes the shoulder of the road. You can go faster the higher you ride, but at some point it also becomes illegal. At the drivers' meeting that evening in East Grand Forks, Dale Cormican learned that he had been disqualified for road running. So were about 20 others. They all said they were just doing what everybody else was doing.

All entries in this race must be stock production sleds with a maximum engine displacement of 340 cc's, and the com-

panies must manufacture at least 1,000 of them. There may be modifications for endurance, such as strengthening skis and spindles, mounting oversize or extra tanks or adapting track and suspension to the driver's taste. Engines and exhaust systems can't be touched. The engines can't be repaired during the race.

Sleds had come across the line in East Grand Forks with hoods ripped open, shields gone, skis bent or even missing. They were impounded again right away, in large well-lit shops at a new vocational training center on the outskirts of town. The drivers were shoed away into the inside halls for doughnuts, coffee and first aid.

From seven to nine that night two men per sled could enter the shops to make repairs with maybe a wife or brother waiting at the door to run out to the factory van for new parts. There was a moment when everybody was ready: an official said, "You may . . ." and was drowned out. In seconds you could find space to take two steps in one direction. Sleds were jacked up or thrown on their sides, their tracks and skid frames pulled, the ice knocked off; parts and tools were handy. In the two-hour official repair period, new bogie wheels were installed, plus new hi-fax plastic inserts on the rails, new tracks, new drive sheaves, new clutches, drive belts and skis. Carburetor jets were changed for forecast temperatures (near zero), sleds were sometimes skidded out and tested. Everything had to be buttoned up by nine o'clock or finished on the starting line next day by the driver alone—after the race had resumed.

The first day had been fierce, but the second was worse. The wind was from the south, 30 mph and more, rolling up a blinding snow cloud and stringing drifts across all the east-west jogs in the route. The start was delayed an hour again because nobody could see 100 feet.

The first 50 miles were run half blind. Forty sleds went down a line together and were not found till after dark. The sun was just a generalization. The racing was desolately personal. Only 68 machines arrived at Alexandria, and 31 of them were past the deadline. That left 37 sleds to run the final leg.

Suddenly, in Alexandria, the race had lost its character. Perhaps there is a certain minimum north latitude for these events. Now there were noisy dilettante

continued

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AT 56 BELOW *continued*

snowmobilers all over Lake Darling; airplanes, too. You couldn't tell the racers coming to the finish line from the kids out playing. John Deere people overran Arrowwood Lodge, which itself overran a perfectly nice piece of Minnesota lake country real estate. They gathered out in front of the finish line to tally home each John Deere, prayerful that they might not lose a percentage point in their proportion of surviving machines, since McCormican was out and Polaris was methodically stacking the top places. Out of the mouths of lounges and banquet halls came the bellow of crowds nothing like that pure hardcore community at Winnipeg.

At the drivers' meeting there was positive ugliness. Inequitably, the race committee set a single cutoff time by which a sled must have arrived to qualify for the third day. But it failed to compensate for the 30-minute span between the starting times of the seven waves that had left East Grand Forks. Instead of correcting the mistake, the race director offered the first 37 drivers the choice of permitting all or none of the other 31 to continue the race. He posed it as a blackball choice: unanimous or negative.

Most of the finishers seemed to feel that anybody who had made that day's run deserved to stay in the race. But a few were less softhearted. They didn't seem so nice anymore, nor did the ousted 31, threatening lawsuits against the race officials and sabotage on the last day's race markers—or coming to the pits that night to jeer at those working on their sleds.

The only patch of innocence left seemed to be a boy leaping around his John Deere in the pit shed that night, obviously surprised to be doing so well. "You think I'm crazy, don't you?" he asked an onlooker. The observer shook his head. The kid's mechanic, another kid, didn't seem to know what went where. The first kid sprang across to show him, pounced for a tool, forgot another, straddled the sled for it. The observer wanted to tell him to slow down.

The excited youngster was No. 263: Wayne Muller from Windom, Minn. He was just one place ahead of Ian Corbett on the Sno-Jet. Harry Austin was among the 31 who came in late. Bill Benedict lost a few places during the first 50 miles because his air filter had clogged in the blizzard. When he got it changed, he ran fast again and was about 50th at the first

fuel stop. Then, at 110 mph, his piston skirts began disintegrating. For a while, the pieces blew out with the exhaust. Then a chunk fell to the base, where the crankshaft pressed it through. Instead of going crazy like the properly obsessed racer he is normally, Benedict sat on his sled, lit up a cigar and thumbed the stream of pickups and vans and cars along the route.

The last day was actually comfortable. The sky was clear at times. The country became more populous, spectators watched from their driveways, helicopters hovered overhead. Wayne Muller was still in the race, but independents like him were already out of it. The pros were heading for the money now, the \$35,000 pot. Polaris was uncatchable.

Roger Janssen, one of those who spoke out against letting the 31 late racers ride the final leg, had the lead temporarily on this stretch. Then he stopped at a confusing intersection and was directed down a wrong road by someone posing as a race official. It cost him 15 minutes, and he finally came in fourth, behind another factory teammate on a John Deere.

The race route led into St. Paul, winding under arched stone bridges and through park valleys, lake to lake. A hot-air balloon advertising Hershey's Cocoa cut loose from the finish line on Lake Phalen, and drifted away. Twenty-two sleds came in, not 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ of those that lay impounded out on the prairie 300 miles north three days ago. Outside the barn where the engines of the surviving sleds were being inspected, the little crowd around the finish line was already gone. The race had dived into its sponsoring city and been overwhelmed. The awards ceremony for winner Ed Monsrud of Roseau, Minn., can be skipped.

But it was something else for a while. In Manitoba that dense battalion of ingenious machines penned together on the prairie had excited a pardonable human pride and interest, such as Spanish peasants might have felt when coming upon the harbor in Cadiz. (Well, perhaps not quite such.) Just that fearsome Manitoba cold authenticated it. The sun dog was a seal of approval. Now the independents who are the heart of this grueling race were scattering back to their hometowns, many of them probably saying the hell with the Winnipeg-St. Paul International "500" Snowmobile Race. But they say that every year, and every year it is bigger than the last.



THE SUPER BOWL

The following 32 page advertising section contains some personal reflections from some Super Bowl Super Stars. How they got ready and what they thought and did before, during, and after THE GAME. The way it was, as an insight of the way it will be, on the afternoon of January 18, 1976.



There is a sign on the wall inside the Pittsburgh Steelers' dressing room that reads: "Whatever it Takes." That pretty well sums up Super Bowl IX, where the Steelers whopped the Minnesota Vikings, 16-6.

And if that doesn't, it might be the comment of Mean Joe Greene, when asked what he thought was the turning point of the game. Greene, one of Pittsburgh's tidal wave front four, said, "We're an emotional team. The game was won for us the minute the sun came up on Super Bowl day. Later we just

walked out there and it was all there, laid out for us, the fans, the excitement, the charisma of the whole event. No disrespect to Minnesota, but there wasn't a man on the team that didn't feel the way I did. This was the day I would not be second in any damn thing. There was no way Minnesota was going to beat us."

Or perhaps Viking Quarterback Fran Tarkenton was closer with his terse appraisal of the game: "I don't think it has been played yet as good as it can be played. I think the game has been taken

away from the players...It's a disaster."

Somewhere in between the diametrically opposed views lies the real Super Bowl. It appears as an enigma to some players while to others it is the glorious spectacle Pete Rozelle claims it to be.

There may be no precise way to describe what the Super Bowl means to the men who play it. For one thing, they don't even agree on what it is. Viking Coach Bud Grant says, "It's a test of endurance just getting ready for the



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game." Steeler Coach Chuck Noll says, "It's just the next game."

And, says Steeler Quarterback Terry Bradshaw about getting ready for the game: "It's easy," while Tarkenton again disagrees. "It is the hardest game of the year to prepare for," he says.

But easy or difficult, emotional or disaster, the Super Bowl is the most looked at, listened to and discussed spectacle in America. Perhaps the world. There are as many views of it as there are players. So, in an effort to answer

four basic questions about the Super Bowl, I talked with stalwarts from both the Steeler and Viking squads. They were asked: How the teams got ready for the Super Bowl after a long season of bruising games; How they *really* feel about the game; Did the game plan work? and what they feel after the game.

Their answers were as divergent as their personalities. Still, pro or con, they prove one thing. The Super Bowl defies description. Carl Eller, towering Viking defensive end, who has been in three



Super Bowls, may have come closest: "It is the Super Bowl, so I guess some guys try to do super things. Run over people. Catch a ball ten feet in the air. Kick 80 yards. But they can't, because when we finally get around to playing it, it turns out to be just another football game. I guess that's what's wrong with it."

A word about the personalities involved in this story. For the Vikings: Paul Krause, the free safety, is the leading interceptor in the NFL; Carl

ELLER



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Eller, defensive end, has been named all pro five times and has played in six Pro Bowl games; Mick Tingelhoff, center, is a seven time all-pro and has played in five Pro Bowl games; Quarterback Fran Tarkenton moved into second place all-time in number of passes and pass completions in 1974. He ranks first among active passers in the NFC and has rushed for more yards than any quarterback in NFL history.

For the Steelers: Joe Greene was all-pro in 1974 and is one of the outstand-

ing defensive tackles in the NFL; Ernie Holmes, the other defensive tackle, completed one of his best seasons in 1974 and was a standout in the Super Bowl IX game; Franco Harris, in his fifth season with Pittsburgh, is one of the leading running backs in the National Football League; Terry Bradshaw took over regular quarterbacking duties in mid season 1974 and led the Steelers through the Super Bowl; Andy Russell has completed 12 seasons in the NFL and has been an outstanding line-backer during most of these years.

ON GETTING READY

BUD GRANT: "You've worked out a formula and the teams are in the Super Bowl, so there's no point in changing the formula. The logistics problem is difficult because of the two weeks in between (the Super Bowl and the final playoff game).

"We worked out the day after the last



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playoff game and then took four days off. I went hunting, the players traveled, did what they wanted. We just relaxed. Still we had more than enough time to prepare. We went to New Orleans the week before the game and there were tremendous demands on the players for their time, you know, interviews and the hoop-la-la that goes with it.

"We didn't worry too much about the individual, because in today's football you don't deal much with the individual players. You don't say 'we're

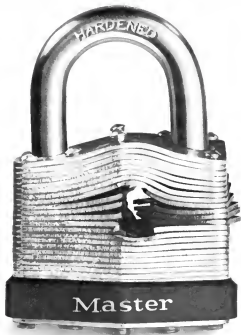
going to throw at this player or run at that player' or concentrate our defense on this player. It's almost impossible to do that now because they can protect a man on defense by their various coverages, and if they've gotten that far they basically don't have a weakness in a player or two. So if you overcommit yourself to one player or one position, they can always go back to another player or another position. That's how they got there."

CHUCK NOLL: "It's just the next game. We wanted to get our work done

in Pittsburgh because we knew there would be distractions in New Orleans. We just wanted to get down there and review things."

FRAN TARKENTON: "We didn't really think about the Steelers until we got there. We knew the dominant force of the Steelers was their front four, so the big question was 'How do you run against them?' They have veteran outside linebackers who probably cover man on man better than any linebackers in the business. Also they play a different type of coverage. What they do is





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take their safety man and their corner man on each side of the field and double those two guys on you outside receivers.

"They have a good pass rush so obviously it was going to be more difficult to get the ball to John Gilliam or Jim Lash.

"I didn't need game films to tell me what to do. You don't come up against many surprises when you play against a team like the Steelers. You've seen them time and time again and you've played against them many times, so you

expect the rush and you know what they can do. You simply adjust."

ERNIE HOLMES: "I was ready to do what it took, physical and mental. I was looking at Tarkenton, with his arm, and he always had that ability to get that big play in there and win the game. I planned not to hit him too much, just psych him, because I knew that if we could keep big defensive linemen around him all day he would feel frantic.

"I think we won the game the week

before. We stayed in Pittsburgh and worked, and by working that extra week we found different things about the interior defensive linemen, we found things out about the backfield by just studying the films and talking among ourselves. We argued about different things they were doing and about how to stop it. It all became just like a mad rally."

TERRY BRADSHAW: "It was easy. The key was the final couple of games in regular season. We started to get momentum and confidence and by the



BRADSHAW



time we were ready to play Buffalo in the playoffs we were really ready. It carried right over to the Oakland game, so in getting ready for the Super Bowl it was just a matter of keeping this tremendous confidence and the feeling that we were going to win. We tried to stay relaxed and loose.

"Nothing concerned us about the Vikings. We had seen enough of them on game films to know exactly what they were going to do, their tendencies and their coverages and their fronts and weaknesses. We knew what Eller and



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Page and all of them could do and we knew we could control the ball."

JOE GREENE. "We learned the Vikings front and back. Everything about them, almost to the day they were born. What they were likely to do in any given situation. We knew their tendencies and this really had to pay off for us. For one thing, it meant that we could anticipate—but not to the point where you would take chances. It was sort of like there was nothing they could do to surprise us."

PAUL KRAUSE, Viking Safety: "I'm not an exuberant person so I tried to keep everything on a low key—the whole team did. We know what it takes to win games. After studying game films and after thinking about what their offense does to different defenses and what they might do to ours, what the running backs will try, the fullbacks and what their speed is and what their favorite runs are, then I went to the wide receivers, their favorite patterns or how much they might not like to get hit. And then I hoped I didn't get on a high too soon."



MICK TINGELHOFF, Viking Center: "The whole Pittsburgh defense was a concern to me. You have to look at the whole picture of their line and you just don't prepare for one certain guy. You try to approach it like any other game and prepare thoroughly. It's not that much different than any other game."

A SUPER FEELING?

KRAUSE: "You don't get used to



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anything like the Super Bowl. The way the public, the media, the players treat it, it's a big thing. The biggest thing in pro football.

"I go into the Super Bowl game with butterflies. It's not that you're afraid to play the game but you have to be on edge and prepare yourself for that day. Butterflies are important. It's a sign that you're up."

GRANT: "There is nothing that is so overcovered as the Super Bowl. So everybody is looking for a new angle, a new way to predict. (In 1973, for ex-

ample, a panel of spiritualists and mediums had unanimously predicted the Vikings to win because all the planets in Coach Bud Grant's birth line were in favorable position. The press played it up big. Miami won.) It's hard for me to keep up with all that.

TARKENTON: "No team knows how to handle that week in between. It is a distraction. It really should be in all essence the greatest game because the two best teams in football are playing, but we don't get that kind of game. I would rather the teams would come in

on Saturday and practice and play Sunday. I think the week is for the press—interviews, 24 hour bars, this and that—and by the time the game gets there everybody is partied out. The game is the anti-climax of the week."

ELLER: "It's another climax after a succession of climaxes. By the time you get there it is a whole season within itself. There's an aura around the game that's unreal, the atmosphere. I'm a little more nervous for that one than for the average game, I guess because I get myself more keyed up for that one."

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ANDY RUSSELL, Steeler Linebacker: "The team had been loose and casual all year and all week, but just before we went out on the field there was a period of quiet. Somebody said 'Hey, what the hell's all this?' And we started yucking it up again."

HOLMES: "Either you had a driving force or just a calm, peaceful feeling about it. This was supposed to be a satisfying game because you reached that level. And to me it was. We were there."

BRADSHAW: "We had the confi-

dence and we had been peaking week after week. And, boy, that's a great feeling."

FRANCO HARRIS, Steeler Running Back: "You've had a long season and basically you're tired and worn out. It's also a mental thing but that big, big game keeps you up. I was more nervous and more aware of a lot of things in the playoff games than in the Super Bowl, mainly because once you knew you were there, the pressure was off and you could concentrate on that one game."

THE GAME

TARKENTON: "I played against their front four when they were together six or seven years ago and they were tremendous then. They've gotten better and they've gotten more experience. I found that the team has built up around them more. The offense has given them more help."

"Teams develop patterns and for some reason we didn't play well the first

HARRIS



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half of any game. So you'd like to think that if that was our trend then we could come back the second half and win, but on the opening kickoff we fumbled the ball and that slowed things."

TINGELHOFF "I don't know what it is, we've never been able to play well in the Super Bowl. We just haven't put our game together."

HOLMES "It was just like I planned. I didn't really try to sack him (Tarkenton), I would just run by him and slap at his face mask and wave at him and

holler. If I had tried to hit him it would probably have given him more encouragement, but I would say things to him like 'Throw the ball, you turkey.' He was confused all afternoon. But I was trying to get him to watch the defensive line more than he was the secondary."

"On the play just before the half (when the Vikings fumbled) we were in a 4-3 front and we had a steal call on and Joe (Greene) and I both hit the center and I don't know if we caused him to bobble the ball or not but it

seems as though we got a lot of results out of it."

GRANT "All successful teams have a great defense. I think the Pittsburgh defense was a dominant factor and when it came time for the Super Bowl they had established Bradshaw as quarterback and Franco was healthy and it had all come together. Two fumbles of ours gave them the momentum. And then there was that fourth down play that hasn't been explained to me yet. They jumped offside and we snapped the ball and the officials said 'no play.'

TINGELHOFF



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I've been in football 20 years and I've never seen a no play play."

BRADSHAW: "It was a tough game and had it not been for some great runs by Franco and some great line play it might not have turned out the way it did. For one thing, the conditions were not favorable for passing. It had been raining and the turf was wet and slippery but we were able to control the ball. We didn't really face a problem. Of course we made a few small adjustments at halftime because of the way they were playing out front. We always

change a few things."

NOLL: "At halftime we broke up into offensive and defensive units and the coaches reviewed what was happening out there and what they were trying to do with us. I worked with the offensive unit to see if there was anything different they were doing that we hadn't planned for. Mostly it was just an emphasis on what we needed to do.

"After the blocked kick in the second half and our guys took the ball down there, it was all over."

IN RETROSPECT

GRANT: "Everybody asked if the fumble before the end of the half was demoralizing to us. Well, it's an over-worked phrase. When you've gotten to this caliber of play there isn't anything that is demoralizing. If we got demoralized every time something happened, we wouldn't have been there. We've all had come backs and been come back against, so they don't demoralize easily. In regular season play the top



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teams will surface, but in sudden death, as in a playoff or the Super Bowl, any of us can beat one another.

"I don't think you'll find a dominant team in football anymore. With our draft and the way we're set up it has equalized football and made it what it is today. It's been said of almost all teams, like when Kansas City beat us in the Super Bowl, they said 'well, here's the offense of the 70s, the dominant team,' but they never got back. When the Jets won with Namath everybody said 'they've revolutionized foot-

ball.' Well, where are the Jets today? When Baltimore won it they said 'they've got all the ingredients.' Last year they hit the bottom. At Dallas they said it was the 'start of a dynasty' and they said Green Bay would 'control football for years to come,' but their stars fell. And they said at Miami that 'no one will ever beat Schula,' and you can see what happened to him."

TARKENTON: "I'm a great believer in disciplines and routines and that week in between was definitely a

distraction. I'm not saying that if we would have had it any other way we would have beaten the Steelers. But it broke our routine. There are a lot of little things that can happen in a game to hurt your performance and you have to have disciplines and routines to be sure they are taken care of, same as in any profession. The only difference is that we have to take care of ours in one hour each week—the game. We don't have many chances for mistakes, so these routines are essential. The disciplines are essential and so if we break them and go into an alternate pattern it

HOLMES



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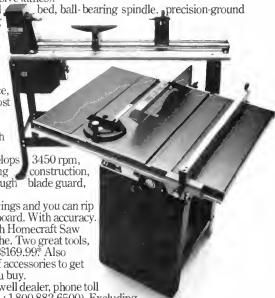
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doesn't make any sense."

HOLMES: "Everybody talked about the no play play. Well, as far as the Steelers are concerned we used to be motivated by cadence and we jumped offside a lot because we were ready to go to war. So when Tarkenton came up with this long cadence we were there in the line, not moving but laughing and we were saying 'go ahead and call it, we're not moving, fool. Call it.' But he would call 'hut' and then 'hut, hut' and everybody would just raise up and sit

back down. But that's the one day our defense was right. We weren't going to jump offside or do anything wrong to cause any penalties."

So, that is how the stars of last year's Super Bowl feel about the game. Obviously, the Steelers have more enthusiasm. They won. Or as Ernie Holmes put it: "We did it, man. The victory. We were there, and also we loved the honey that was in that cup."

There is one final question that is

essential if we are to know how these grisly heroes feel: What happens after defeat?

No one has ever said it better than former Viking Quarterback Joe Kapp after his team's loss to Kansas City in the 1970 Super Bowl. Kapp, painfully injured for the first time in his pro career, said:

"Do you know what happens after you lose the Super Bowl? The world ends. It just stops. There's been all this



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build-up, all these bruising games, all this study and preparation and strain, and then it ends. There's not even a fanfare. They cut off my pads and uniform in the training room and gave me some pain-killers. Somebody asked me what happened, and I said, 'the full catastrophe.' That's the line Anthony Quinn used in *Zorba the Greek* when he described getting married and having children and staying at home. Then they helped me to the team bus and we made that long drive to the Hilton Inn. The fellows helped me to my room and

put me in bed and gave me some more pain-killers."

That answers the questions of how do the teams get ready, how they feel about the game and if their game plans actually worked. But what about future Super Bowls? Will they prepare the same way and will the players approach it with the same feelings? It would, of course, be impossible to answer precisely for teams and coaches and players in years to come, but you can bet your bottom dollar that the preparation

and outlook of the Steelers and Vikings for Super Bowl IX was very close to what it will be for Super Bowl X and XI and right on down the line.

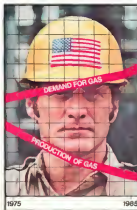
Bud Grant has been preparing his teams the same way since 1969 and plans to continue as long as they reach that final plateau. And the players have viewed it with mixed emotion since the first Super Bowl. That certainly won't change. It is one of the things that adds drama and uncertainty and charm to the event.

BY BILL NEELY



The Natural Gas shortage is critical.

Getting more should be a national priority.



America's natural gas shortage is serious and getting worse. According to statistics released by the White House, the shortage of natural gas this year could be almost twice as bad as last year. And that affects each and every American.

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YEAR OF HIGHS AND HYPES

During 1975 the three major television networks devoted more than 1,100 hours to sports, an average of three for every day in the year. And advanced schedules indicate there will be even more in 1976; about 500 hours will fill the lenses of ABC alone. Despite this extensive coverage, television is not likely to have the impact on sports in 1976 that it did in '75. Hockey, supposedly one of the booming sports of the '70s, expired as a television attraction last year because NBC found the ratings woeful. NHL franchise owners lost \$6 million because of the network's decision to drop their game. The ABA came close to gaining a national TV contract, but the last-minute failure of its negotiations with the networks has left it on the edge of collapse. The NFL did fall apart, largely because television gave it neither money nor exposure.

The most lamentable trend in TV sports in '75 was the proliferation of "made for television" events. The phony shows brought to mind Edith Wharton's remark, "There are two ways of spreading light: to be the candle or the mirror that reflects it." Televised sport is best when it reflects, and, thank goodness, ratings compiled by the A.C. Nielsen Co. indicate that viewers still prefer real sports. Of the 10 top-rated telecasts in 1975 (through Dec. 26), NBC, the network that puts the heaviest emphasis on live productions of genuine events, put on eight. The others were also true sports events, the Muhammad Ali-Ron Lyle fight (ABC) and the Cotton Bowl (CBS). The top 10 were, in order, Super Bowl IX; World Series, Game 7; World Series, Game 6, the Rose Bowl; World Series, Game 5; World Series, Game 3; the Orange Bowl; World Series, Game 4; Ali-Lyle; and the Cotton Bowl.

But ratings often do not reflect the quality of programming. Thus, I hereby announce the first annual Leggy Awards for sports broadcasting, covering a number of categories that will not be mentioned when the Emmys are presented in May.

BEST COVERAGE OF A SINGLE EVENT: World Series, Game 6 (NBC), for its camera work and replays; the final round of the Masters golf tournament (CBS), for capturing the drama at Augusta and for the absence of verbosity by its announcers; the

Midwest regional finals of the NCAA basketball tournament (Kentucky vs. Indiana on NBC), for excellent game coverage and for adding a human-interest touch by occasionally focusing on Indiana Coach Bobby Knight and his wife.

WORST COVERAGE OF A SINGLE EVENT: the second game of the championship series between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh (NBC), during which Announcers Joe Garagiola and Maury Wills talked too much and the network failed to keep up the Boston-Oakland playoff game in progress at the same time: George Foreman vs. the Five Dwarfs (ABC), the year's most absurd hype, for allowing Muhammad Ali to use air time to promote his upcoming fights; the Foolish Pleasure-Ruffian match race (CBS), for too much show-biz nonsense preceding Ruffian's final injury.

MOST OVEREXPOSED AND OVERYARD: Howard Cosell; Caesar's Palace; Curt Gowdy; 60-second tours of college campuses; Joe Garagiola's stories about the 1952 Pirates; Rotunda, Fla.; the Kilgore Rangerettes; weigh-ins of Ali fights; Islip, N.Y.; "Here's the replay, you be the judge."

BEST REPORTING ON SPORTS: 60 Minutes (CBS) and its interviewers, Mike Wallace and Morley Safer, for segments entitled "War on Ice," "The Summer of '76" and "Snow Job in Florida" which covered violence in hockey, the muddled U.S. Olympic program and a man trying to build an Olympic site in Clearwater, Fla.

BEST ANNOUNCER: Jack Whitaker (CBS).

BEST ATHLETE-ANNOUNCERS: Pat Summerall, football (CBS); Rick Barry, basketball (CBS); Dave Marr, golf (ABC).

WORST ATHLETE-ANNOUNCERS: Oscar Robertson, basketball (CBS); John Unvers, football (CBS); Jackie Stewart, auto racing (ABC).

BEST NEW SHOW: *The Way It Was* (PBS). **THERE'S NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ:** But who



WALLACE AND SAFER WERE THE BEST SPORTS REPORTERS

can recall the winners of these supposed sporting events—Celebrity Superstars, the King of Capitol Hill, NFL Players Association Arm-wrestling Championship, Target Diving, Demolition Derby, Major League Baseball Bubble-Gum Blowing—or any of the five men who fought George Foreman?

WORST STUDIO BROW: Prudential College Scoreboard (ABC). Also, where is Prudential College?

AH, WE REMEMBER IT WELL: Curt Gowdy, who said of the Boston Red Sox, "Their future is still ahead of them." Curt Gowdy, who said of the Buffalo Bills, "Their future is still ahead of them."

SHARPEST PERFORMANCE: Mizlow network Owners Vic and Claude Pizzo for changing the times of the quarters in the Blue-Gray game—the periods varied from 12 to more than 15 minutes—so they would not have any overtime line charges.

BEAT IT A DIFFERENT DRUM: Radio Station WEEF in Pittsburgh for sponsoring a parade honoring deposed Pirate announcers Bob Prince and Nellie King after chief rival KDKA had fired them.

IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES: CBS' Irv Cross, for explaining how the Heisman Trophy winner is determined: "Votes come in from each of the 48 states."

HYPE THAT TAILED: "And Howard's guests this Saturday will be..."

ENO

Gophers get out of a hole

Beset by defections and an NCAA probe, Minnesota has relied around a Bahamian center and a coach who stresses the joys of competing

When University of Minnesota Basketball Coach Jim Dutcher attempted last week to carry his Christmas tree from his house to the curb and ran into the garage door and gashed open his head, he hardly flinched. No wonder—a bloodied cranium is a minor misfortune compared to others Dutcher has suffered since he took over the Gophers five months ago.

Dutcher had only two alternatives when he came to Minneapolis from an assistant's job at Michigan and surveyed his new kingdom. He could face it like a man and put a gun to his head, or he could be a coward and try to make something of a program that was in shambles. He chose the cowardly way out.

When Dutcher arrived on campus, he

was almost trampled by the exodus of players. Off went scoring (15.9 points per game) and rebounding (8.2) leader Mark Olberding, a sophomore-to-be who, some Minnesotans felt, could lead the Gophers to a national championship. Instead, he turned pro. Off went Mark Landsberger, the team's No. 2 scorer and rebounder. He left for Arizona State because he was mad at departed win-at-all-costs Coach Bill Musselman. Two other returnees, Chad Nelson and Kenny Robinson, left for other schools, and prize freshman recruit Jimmy Jackson flew away to Boston College because he did not like what he heard about an investigation of the Gophers' program. The NCAA is looking into more than 100 violations that were committed at Minnesota while the university went about its basketball business during the Musselman era. That investigation could result in a lengthy probation for the Gophers.

Finally, the state Human Rights Commission filed a suit against the university, charging discrimination in the selection of Dutcher instead of a black assistant coach from the University of Virginia. It was at about this time that Minnesota fans, who led the nation in attendance last year with 16,850 per game, began calling in sick. Their interest in the Gophers certainly was not whetted by the fact that two of the four lettermen Dutcher managed to retain had averaged about two points a game a season ago.

Nonetheless, Dutcher, who, ironically, lives in a house on Bliss Lane, hitched up his trousers, confessed to friends after his team's first practice, "We're not going to win a game," and forthwith directed Minnesota to eight straight victories. The first loss came last week, a double overtime 111-110 defeat by Purdue in the Gophers' Big Ten opener. Minnesota was not disgraced.

The Gophers have compiled this excellent record with astute coaching and a collection of starters held together by

tape and courage. There are two guys from Nassau, Bahamas—6'10" Center Mike Thompson and Guard Osborne Lockhart—who hate snow, which Minnesota has plenty of; a hustling 5'11" guard, Phil Saunders, who plays on a wobbly knee; a freshman forward, Gary Korkowski, who will be good when he learns to foul less and score more; and a 6'2" junior college transfer, Ray Williams, who is far too short for a forward and plays on a far too weak ankle, but has far too much ability for many teams to handle. The best of the crop is Thompson, who is averaging 25.7 points per game, including a 14-of-19, 33-point performance against Purdue.

Even with the sensational start, Minnesota is not expected to rip up the Big Ten this year. Just how good the Gophers are, or are not, will be determined this week in games with Michigan, Illinois and Iowa. But if they stumble in their league, Dutcher will still deserve credit for a remarkable accomplishment merely because he took the shattered pieces and glued something together. Minnesota managed to win more games during its nonconference schedule than it was expected to win all year. Included among its victims was Marquette, which was then the nation's second-ranked team.

Even without the victories, Dutcher would be a welcome change for Minnesota's players. They were not happy about those occasions when Musselman refused to ride back on the same plane with them after defeats because, he said, he did not want to associate with losers. With the NCAA snapping at his heels last summer, Musselman left town in a hurry to join the pros.

Dutcher could not be more unlike his predecessor. During the 1971-72 season, Musselman defended his Gophers after two of them had attacked a prostrate Ohio State player during a brawling game. The same year, Dutcher, whose Eastern Michigan team was a small-college power, abruptly quit as a protest against violence in basketball when his star player duked it out with an opponent. He went on to become an assistant at Michigan, where he was credited with adding defense to the Wolverines' repertoire. In his 18th season of college coaching he can still say, "I don't think winning and having fun are in conflict. If you aren't having fun, why play? If we lose, we'll play again next week."



DUTCHER SENDS IN NASSAU'S THOMPSON

Even after the loss to Purdue, Dutchers were not distraught. "All I want us to do is play up to our potential," he said. With little height or reserve strength but a ton of want-to, Minnesota already has exceeded that goal.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST "After six games in 14 days, over 10,000 miles and some 26,000 hamburgers and 1,000 pounds of pineapple, it sure will be good to get back to Columbia," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart. His Tigers lost at UCLA and split two contests in Hawaii, then gobbled up three wins at the Big Eight tournament. They advanced to the finals by beating Oklahoma State 81-79 and thrashing pretournament favorite Kansas State 86-66 before 16,853, the largest-ever basketball crowd—college or pro—in Kansas City. In the wrap-up, Missouri downed Kansas 79-69 as MVP Guard Willie Smith tossed in 27 points.

Other upsets were pulled off by West Texas State, Houston and LIU. With 1-50 left and State trailing 74-70 at Louisville, a few happy Cardinal fans began to leave Freedom Hall. They missed seeing Reggie Ramsey send the game into overtime by sinking a jumper with seven seconds to go. And they did not see the Buffaloes win 84-78 in overtime. Houston took its 13th straight Bluebonnet Classic by surprising San Francisco 94-73. The Cougars' astonishingly easy victory was built around torrid shooting (61.3%) and teamwork (28 assists). LIU upended Censentary 80-77 for the All-College title, forcing 30 turnovers with a full-court press.

1. CINCINNATI (9-2) 2. MISSOURI (10-2)

EAST Glimpy legs did not deter Wake Forest, broken noses did not stop Rutgers and slowdown tactics did not halt Maryland—all of them won tournaments to remain undefeated. Just as it did a year ago, Wake Forest awoke during the Big Four skirmish at Greensboro, N.C., knocking two teams from the unbeaten list: North Carolina 95-83 and North Carolina State 93-78. And the Deacons (10-0) did it even though Guard Skip Brown, their top scorer, hurt his leg and missed almost half of the first game and all of the second. Taking up the slack was another backcourt man, Jerry Schellenberg. Schellenberg, a 12.2 scorer with back and hamstring problems going into the tourney, earned MVP honors by pouring in 59 points.

In the opening round of the Pointsettia Classic two Rutgers subs suffered broken

noses during a 96-73 romp over The Citadel. Then, in the battle for all the pointsetts, Rutgers fractured Georgia Tech 94-87. Stetson later had to tip its hat to the Scarlet Knights, who won 91-70.

Maryland captured its own invitational tournament by drubbing Seton Hall 104-69 and waiting out Princeton 66-59. Speaking of the Tigers' lullaby efforts, tournament MVP John Lucas of the Terps said, "They just about put us to sleep. We have massive egos on our club, and we all want to run and shoot." Those egos got a boost during a 111-88 rampage against LIU. Princeton, which had made it to the finals against Maryland by tranquilizing previously undefeated Alabama 61-59, later won its Ivy League opener against Penn The Quakers, who had been scoring 76 points a game, had only 14 at halftime and lost 63-39.

Playing before the largest college basketball crowd (19,694) in Madison Square Garden history, Indiana held off St. John's 76-69 for the Holiday Festival title. MVP Scott May had 29 points and held Redman Beaver Smith, a 16.4 scorer, to six.

1. MARYLAND (10-0) 2. RUTGERS (10-0)

WEST No Washington player made the all-tournament team at the Far West Classic, but the Huskies did not mind because their muscular front liners and a guard with rhythm enabled them to earn what they wanted most, the first-place trophy. Washington beat Texas Tech 83-61 as the final game, getting 18 points in the first half from 7-foot Center James Edwards and 20 in the second half from Guard Clarence Ramsey. "Clarence is inclined to shoot from downtown, but when he develops his rhythm, I've learned not to yell, 'Don't,'" said Huskie Coach Murv Harshman. Washington later bombed Seattle 106-75 as rhythmic Ramsey kept Harshman almost speechless with 19 first-half points.

UCLA's Richard Washington started the new year with resolve. He flipped in 70 points in a 111-79 rout of Denver, was the MVP at the Bruin Classic in which he played both center and forward and scored 24 points in an 86-70 conquest of Notre Dame. The Bruins also got ample assistance from their improving guard corps. During the Bruin Classic, Andre McCarter flicked in three foul shots in the closing 41 seconds to put down Santa Clara 52-48, and Jimmy Spillane (17 points) and Ray Townsend (14) came off the bench to help the Bruins stop Purdue 99-86. Sixth-man Spillane had 17 more points and six steals against Denver, and Townsend put in 19 against Notre Dame.

The championship of Honolulu's Rainbow Classic went to Southern Cal, whose Marv Safford had 30 points in an 81-73 final-game victory over Iowa. Previously unbeaten

Cincinnati lost to Arizona 71-64 and Holy Cross 66-65 and finished seventh in the eight-team tournament. Back on the Mainland, USC (11-1) edged Nevada-Reno 88-87 in overtime on a 25-foot corner jump shot by Safford that went in as the buzzer sounded.

A fourth Pacific Eight tournament winner was California, which defeated West Virginia 82-68 for the Lobo Invitational crown.

1. UCLA (10-1) 2. WASHINGTON (10-0)

MIDEAST Tennessee's double-trouble combo of Ernie Grunfeld and Bernard King was in top form all week. In the Vols' Southeastern Conference opener, a 79-73 victory at Georgia, Grunfeld had 25 points and 14 rebounds, King had 23 and 12. Earlier, during the first round of the Sugar Bowl tournament, Grunfeld popped in 36 points to finish off Penn 77-70. In the finals against Tulane, Tennessee led at the half 31-37, with King and Grunfeld accounting for 38 points. The Vols won 97-73 as King finished with 37 points and tournament MVP Grunfeld with 36.

Kentucky stunned Notre Dame 79-77 behind 18-point performances by Mike Phillips and Truman Claytor, whose two late fast-break baskets rattled the Irish. The Wildcats were considerably less stunning in the SEC opener at Mississippi State and lost 77-73. A tenacious defense and 26 points by Leon Douglas earned Alabama top Vanderbilt 81-66. Auburn bounced LSU 102-86 as Mike Mitchell scored 31 points and Guard Eddie Johnson had 15 assists.

Four days before, LSU had absorbed its first loss, falling to DePaul 70-67. The Blue Demons (9-2) then toppled Providence 91-66 as Dave Corrine scored 22 points, grabbed 12 rebounds and had six assists.

Indiana survived another scare, salvaging its Big Ten opener at Ohio State 66-64, Kent Benson scoring 13 of his team's final 18 points. Benson had 23 in all, two on free throws with 19 seconds to go. Scott May chipped in with 24 points, but the Hoosiers were hounded into 19 turnovers. Bruce (Sky) King poured in 32 points as surprising Iowa (10-1) routed Illinois 84-60. And Michigan used strong rebounding and sturdy defense to defeat Northwestern 82-72.

Marquette knocked off South Carolina 82-70, getting 24 points from Lloyd Walton. That was quite a reversal from Walton's performance against Miami of Ohio in the opening round of the Milwaukee Classic. Still fuming after an argument with Coach Al McGuire, Walton refused to shoot in that game, but did have eight assists in a 79-52 victory. MVP Bo Lillis and Butch Lee each scored 20 points as Marquette beat Wisconsin 82-66 in the title game.

1. INDIANA (10-0) 2. MARQUETTE (10-1)



If you play the game until it hurts, specialist Robert Nirschl will help to ease those throbbing joints

The doc who tells you what's up

Suddenly last summer, I developed tendinitis in my right wrist. It hurt when I played tennis. It hurt when I played squash. It hurt when I shook hands. It hurt when I paid off bets.

Now, the ordinary cure for tendinitis goes something like this: heat it, wrap it, give it plenty of rest and take Geritol twice a day. The main thing is rest. Which is fine, except that I need my right hand to write, type, shake hands and eat. In other words, to live. And I wasn't willing to give up tennis. So I went on suffering.

Then I heard about an Arlington, Va. doctor named Robert P. Nirschl. He was recommended to me as the "compleat"

arm-twisting, hand-shaking and back-slapping."

I was given some wrist tests and X rays. Then Nirschl started to do his number. "Touch your toes with your knees straight," he said. "That's all right—Tom Okker couldn't either. Now try to scratch your back with your right hand."

With a final flourish, Nirschl pulled out a tape and measured my right hand from the second crease of the palm to the tip of the ring finger. It measured 4½". "I discovered that this correlates to grip size," he said. Among tennis people this may be Nirschl's most noted innovation, of which he can claim many.

His treatments for tennis injuries break

tennis doctor, a man who takes your measurements by examining your grip size and your weight by putting your racket on a scale.

His credentials were indeed impressive: assistant professor of orthopedic surgery at Georgetown University School of Medicine, chairman of the committee on medical aspects of sports for the Medical Society of Virginia, author of more than a dozen papers on sports injuries and physician to numerous tennis pros. Robert P. Nirschl should be able to keep me on the courts.

His presence was reassuring: younger looking than his 42 years, trim, handsome, athletic, with a fine sweep of brown hair and a freckled face that reddens a bit when he smiles. He began the examination by observing, "Looks like you've got the old politician's malady. They get it from

down into four categories: relief from inflammation by means of elevation, heat, ice, pills, shots and braces; changes in equipment and strokes; exercises; and, should all else fail, surgery. The first and fourth measures—minor therapy and surgery—are familiar to most doctors, although Nirschl generally shuns the scalpel. It is his uses of seemingly nonmedical ideas that make him a bona fide tennis doctor, as opposed to a doctor who treats tennis injuries.

One of Nirschl's firmest beliefs is that injured parts must be rebuilt as well as rehabilitated or they will atrophy from disuse. "There's a lot of mythology about getting musclebound," he said as he showed me to a room in which he keeps Nautilus weight-lifting machines. "When I was growing up in the '40s and '50s, anyone who lifted weights was ostracized. But if properly administered, weight lifting can improve both strength and flexibility."

Nirschl insists on weights for most of his patients, whether they are young men or 80-year-old women recovering from broken hips. And lest one assume that the exercises deal with injured parts alone, he said, "We make the mistake of zeroing in on one part of the body when others also are involved. If you hurt your knee, your arms and shoulders will have to work much harder to compensate." Nirschl had me try touching my toes and scratching my back to determine if ligaments and joints elsewhere had affected my wrist. He found my overall coordination average, which was a relief to me. I never earned enough letters to spell the word "jock."

Sometimes equipment can be the cause of trouble. "Take tennis toe," said Nirschl. "It's one of the most common tennis injuries, especially on surfaces that prevent the shoe from sliding. The shoe stops but the foot continues to move, leaving you with bleeding in the longest toe or pain in the joint connecting the toe with the metatarsals. The medical cure is to inject cortisone. That's fine as far as it goes, but it won't prevent a recurrence. I may give an injection but I will also recommend a shoe that holds the foot in place and at the same time gives accommodation in front."

Measuring hands for grip size was a revelation. "Until recently," Nirschl said, "women usually had to play with man-sized rackets. It was ridiculous. It

continued

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also seems silly for kids to play with adult-sized rackets. They should make grips smaller than size 4, which is rarely done, and build rackets at shorter lengths for both kids and beginners. I've talked with someone at Wilson about this. He was open-minded, but he may have trouble convincing the marketing department that these rackets will sell."

Inevitably the talk drifted to Nirschl's preference in rackets. Though he was understandably reluctant to name names, he did refer me to a colleague, Stanley Plagenhoef, director of the biomechanics lab at the University of Massachusetts. Since 1974 Plagenhoef has been filming tennis strokes at more than 1,000 frames per second. Recently he taped an electronic sensor to the hand of an instructor and had him hitting balls with 63 different rackets. The conclusion: tightly strung flexible, and more loosely strung stiff rackets transmit less force to the arm and shoulder.

"There are many variables involved in treating injuries," Nirschl said. "You have to know the patient's entire history." Nirschl's prescriptions may run to balls and court surfaces. One of the few invariables he has found is that good players rarely get tennis elbow. "Inferior players punch at the ball and fail to transfer their weight, putting great pressure on their arms," he said. "My own experience was empirical. I had tennis elbow until I began hitting a more fluid backhand. The backhand is what almost always causes tennis elbow. I fought the two-handed backhand when my daughter Suzanne started using it, because I think the stroke has weaknesses in range and volleying, but I must admit that I have never seen a player who uses it get tennis elbow." And he has seen more than 600 tennis elbows.

For a number of years Nirschl and Ed Eberth, a former patient, filmed world-class players. "We were able to develop expertise about injuries from watching good players, because their problems are so subtle," he said. "After a while you begin to dovetail injuries with strokes. I don't mean to rattle any feathers, but I think injuries would decrease if tennis were taught differently.

"I think the volley should be taught first. It involves much body transfer and hardly any backswing. The major difficulty medically is that teachers exaggerate the backswing at the expense of the body turn. 'Get your racket back' is mis-

understood. It really means get your body in position so that the racket will have plenty of time to impact the ball. If a player doesn't turn his body correctly, he must accelerate the swing and do much more work with his hand. I've never seen anybody get in trouble with a short backswing.

"Second, mobility and positioning should be taught before stroking. The correct sequence is body position first, stroke pattern second. If the lower body can't get in position, the upper body will have to work extra hard."

As one might expect, such heretical talk raises hackles in teaching circles. "If tennis is taught badly, I can see his point about the volley," says Dennis Van der Meer, a well-regarded teaching pro, "but if it's taught well, you always start the player off with less than the full stroke. As for mobility, the people with the best movement are panthers. They can't play worth a damn. Mobility has to be combined with a moving ball."

Van der Meer will be glad to hear that Nirschl has given more medical therapy than chalk talks to the 600 tennis elbows he has treated. Therapy was complex for Stan Smith, who approached Nirschl after suffering perhaps the most humiliating loss of his career in the first round of the 1975 U.S. Open. Suffering from forearm and elbow problems as well as sub-par play, Smith was particularly bothered by volleys that forced his long arm into awkward positions. Nirschl had him reduce his grip from 4½" to 4¼", his racket weight from 15 to 14¼ ounces and the tension of the strings from 60 to 56 pounds. Smith took Butazolidin, treatments with heat machines and buffered aspirin 10 minutes before playing. He worked with hip and back weights to increase his mobility and began wearing a special nylon elbow brace that prevents his muscles from inflaming. He has since made a modest comeback.

Smith phoned during my visit, and I could hear the doctor going over a checklist with him. "What's the tension? How do you feel about the amount of pace you can put on the ball with it? How does the new grip feel? How is the balance with the new racket? After your afternoon practice, do your icing and add the ultrasound if you can. If you feel better it's O.K. to enter a tournament but I sure would avoid the doubles."

Nirschl handed me the phone. "Is this guy a quack?" I asked Smith.

"Not at all," Smith said. "A lot of guys have seen him and he's been very helpful. Very few doctors have done the amount of research he has. And I definitely agree with him on positioning. It's very critical."

By now swelling at the thought of the tournaments I would win after seeing this guru, I obtusely suggested to Smith that he must owe his comeback entirely to Nirschl. "Well," he reminded me, "I think I've been playing better, too."

Nirschl brought me further down to earth that afternoon in his parking lot when I took out my racket and began pantomiming strokes for him. His comments ought to be protected under the most sacred canons of doctor-patient confidentiality but won't be. "Your weight's back," he said. "You're not transferring it forward and you're probably rolling your wrist. Your stroke is tentative and the racket's too close to your body." It's a miracle, I thought, that I don't have elbow trouble, too.

I was convinced that poor positioning contributed to my ailment. I'm always late getting to the ball (in high school I was called Snowshoes). Nirschl gave me prescriptions for Butazolidin and a painkiller called Empirin. I was to wear a wristband, take aspirin before playing and do some mild weight lifting. Before leaving Arlington, I was also fed to the Stan Smith heat machines. In a whirlpool, I was given ultrasound, a common practice in which sound waves are sent into the injured muscles to increase circulation. The galvanic stimulator, which pumps direct current into the patient, is not as well known. A couple of wet pads were attached to my wrists, the machine was turned on and my arms began to twitch and shake as 80-100 volts juiced me up. The feeling was more eerie than painful; it was as if a tiny mouse were charging up and down my veins.

As the treatment ended and Nirschl and I prepared to part, I noticed a picture of another doctor, Julius Erving of the New York Nets basketball team, on the wall. Dr. J, who has had knee trouble for years, is attached to a galvanic stimulator before every game.

By now I wasn't sure which doctor was treating me. What would happen next? Would I get a triple-pump cortisone shot? A slam-dunk into the whirlpool? Nirschl stuck out his hand. "Squeeze it," he said. "Harder." There was no pain. The Doctor was down' it.

END

Nobody's a marshmallow at Fetlock U.

Horses are the subject of many courses at Lake Erie, a women's college in Ohio to which students may bring their own mounts. Any overweight they might also bring along is soon lost via the school's riding program

They let you bring your horse to school at Lake Erie College in Painesville, Ohio. And you can actually get credit for it. Of the 350 students attending this private liberal arts school for women, 125 are enrolled in riding classes and 50 of them have brought their own horses to the college's 600-acre Morley Farm, home of the Equestrian Studies

Program. Stabling for 100 horses is available, and for students who don't have their own, the college provides mounts at no extra cost.

In addition to standard courses such as languages and psychology, the women study stable management, equine health, anatomy and physiology, promotion of equestrian events and judging.

They spend from five to 30 hours a week in the saddle, learning to jump, school and show horses. They go abroad for their junior year, usually to England, and learn foreign methods of training and stable management. And there are 25 events a year they can compete in while they are at college. The top two are the Ohio Dressage Derby, which includes classes from the second level through Grand Prix quality on the horse-show circuit, and the Prix de Valles of North America, a fine junior team jumping competition.

Carla Gibbon, a 20-year-old junior from Silver Spring, Md. and a social psychology major, rides for an hour and a half every day, seven days a week, and says she has been riding all 20

years. "I sat on a horse before I learned to sit in a chair," she says. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I didn't ride. I'd be so bored. I don't swim or play tennis or ski. I'm not good at any sport except riding." Carla went to Lake Erie so she could keep on riding, others attend in order to learn how.

Morley Farm has an indoor ring measuring 100' by 225', a 75' by 150' warm-up area and seating for 1,000 spectators. Laddie Andahazy, a ruddy-faced Hungarian who is a former ballet dancer and U.S. cavalry officer, is responsible for the existence of Lake Erie's equestrian program, which began in 1956, and is its director. He often assumes ballet's second position (legs together, toes out) when teaching and is predictably enthusiastic about the value of the program. "I had one girl, when she came to me she was a marshmallow," he says. "She had no strength at all in her arms and legs. She was fat, she couldn't do anything. I had a hard time with her. But she kept trying, and when she finished the program she was physically strong, she had lost weight, she had self-assurance. It's a wonderful thing what can happen with these girls."

Two instructors, faculty members, stand at either end of the indoor ring while seven or eight horses and riders slowly circle them. It is a cold gray morning and the electric heaters set at intervals in the ceiling aren't doing much to cut the chill. A sign reading NO UNLEASHED CATS AND DOGS HAS BEEN tacked up on an inside door. There is not a cat in sight, but five or six dogs roam about among the spectators' seats. They are quiet, friendly. Occasionally one of them pauses, props its front paws on the green pipe rail and checks out what's going on in the ring. A bunch of chirpy sparrows who live in the steel rafters keep wanging down to the dirt floor of the are-



HOMEWORK: MARSHA DAHLGREN (LEFT) AND MARY VAUGHAN

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na, picking up straw, or whatever, and flying back to their nests.

The riders are cold. Their noses and fingers are red. The horses are probably cold, too. Everybody's breath is coming out white vapor. Associate Professor Sylvia Wilson shouts to a student, "Leg, leg, leg! Put the pressure on that *left* leg and pull, pull on the *right* rein. Good, good, much better." Round and around the riders go, trying to keep their horses close to the arena walls, practicing the same movements over and over again. Turning, trotting, stride lengthening, shortening. Now the horses are beginning to sweat. People, too. A girl unwraps her jacket and pushes damp hair off her forehead.

Fences are set up and distances measured between them. The riders begin to practice the "in-and-out" jump one fence, turn your horse and take another fence, one stride and then a third fence. This isn't easy. One horse keeps balking at the third fence. Wilson's collie, Rollicking Rob, erupts, barking and running crazy back and forth in the stands, eyes fixed on the ring. Rob, who obviously fancies himself a show judge, will not tolerate a horse's refusal to take a jump. This is the second dog Wilson has owned, and the first behaved this way, too. The horse finally makes it on the third try. The collie gives him a cold, critical look, but holds his tongue.

In warmer weather the action moves outdoors. The cross-country class learns to ride over difficult terrain with banks, ditches and slides. The fox-hunting class often goes out with the local Chagrin Valley Hunt Club.

Despite the popular association of horse-owning and wealth, Lake Erie's students are by no means all daughters of moneyed families. Most come from middle-class homes in such diverse cities as Montreal, Tuscaloosa and Bay City, Texas. They are fresh-faced and unaffected. Perhaps that comes from the hours spent schooling their horses and themselves. And riding and showing are sports in which women can compete with men. The horse itself makes up for the difference in strength between the sexes; skill is the decisive factor. Certainly Lake Erie women enjoy their courses. Officially, they are enrolled to earn a Bachelor of Arts degree, but mainly they're there because they love horses.

END



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2. No purchase is required.

3. Entry must be postmarked between October 15, 1975 and March 15, 1976 and received no later than April 1, 1976.

4. Winner will be determined by one random instant drawing from all entries received prior to deadline. Subsequent drawings are permitted. Any law liability imposed on a prize will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner. No cash alternatives will be awarded in the event any winner declines a winning prize or if for any reason all prizes cannot be awarded after the final drawing, a supplemental drawing or drawings will be held to award all remaining prizes. Only one prize will be awarded to any one person or household. Drawing will be conducted by independent judges. (Postmark Copy whose decision is final.)

5. Winner will be awarded on request to: Primm® P.O. Box 3003, Kenosha, Illinois 60001

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The short paws that refreshes

Let's put the puns up front and get it over with. This is not a hot-dog skier (as a wag once said). You're barking up the wrong tree. This is Schmalz, a dog-dog skier, the real item, maybe the only skiing dog in the world.

Schmalz is nine and lives in Portland, Ore. with a human, Dr. H. Clagett Harding, who got this whole thing going eight years ago. Schmalz got so huffy ev-

ery time the Hardings went off skiing that they finally took him along. Soon he had his own outfit, tiny boots made from plaster casts of his paws, two tiny skis and a tiny parka. Well, sort of a parka. After that there was no stopping him: Schmalz has skied in Norway, Switzerland, Italy, all over Austria and the U.S.

Schmalz *wedels* and wags his tail while schussing. His human pays for his own lift ticket, but Schmalz usually puts the bite on the operator for a free ride.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



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For a little car, our new Chevette sure gives a person a lot to think about.

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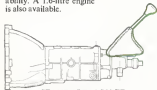
**40 mpg highway,
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(Remember—these mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. In California, see your Chevy dealer for EPA mileage figures on California emission-equipped cars.)



1.4-LITRE 4-CYLINDER.

A new smooth and quiet engine with hydraulic valve lifters. Its displacement: 85 cu. in. The 1.4-litre engine is designed for efficiency and surprising driveability. A 1.6-litre engine is also available.



STANDARD 4-SPEED.

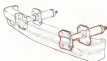
A new transmission was specially engineered for the Chevette. It's fully synchronized and has a floor-mounted shift lever.



Chevette is international in design and heritage, incorporating engineering concepts proved around the world. The Chevette Coupe (shown above) seats four people, with space for luggage behind the second seat.

ACOUSTICAL INSULATION.

Sound insulators are layered on the lower dash, front floor, rear wheelhousings and rear quarter panels. Then more spray-on sound deadener is applied to other key areas.



HIGH STRENGTH BUMPERS.

They're lightweight steel, mounted directly to shock absorbers, which in turn are mounted to strong underbody rails.



FULL COIL SUSPENSION.

The front suspension is mounted on a shock-isolating heavy-gauge crossmember. Shock absorbers are outboard-mounted. There's a front stabilizer bar, too. The rear setup has a new torque tube drive axle for ride smoothness.

PROTECTED BY 17 ANTI-CORROSION METHODS.

Standard on every Chevette: There's a wax base spray that helps protect against corrosion on the inner side of doors, rocker panels and rear panels. Epoxy paint covers the Chevette's coil springs because it expands and contracts better than less costly, ordinary paint. Plastic inner fender liners protect outer front fenders from thrown road objects.

These plastic liners are highly corrosion resistant. Street salt and mud find it hard to build up in them. Zincrometal[®] is a pre-coated metal which has the dual advantages of combining a 2-coat corrosion-resistant system on the inner side with long-lasting paint adhesion on the outside. It's used in cowl, hood and roof. Rocker panels are galvanized metal. And zinc-rich primer goes on critical Chevette body areas for extra base protection against rust and corrosion before the final Magic-Mirror color you choose is applied.

*Zincrometal[®] is a registered trademark of the DuPont Sharnbrook Corporation.

FULL-WIDTH HATCH.

You can slide a four-foot-wide piece of plywood into the back of a Chevette. Dual hatch supports are pneumatically operated.



car worth looking into.



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It's the red, white, and amber combination found in most world-type cars. Outside—stop. Middle—signal. Inside—backup.



SMART SWITCH.

It's where the turn signal arm usually is, and it operates turn signals, headlight dimmer, windshield wipers and washers. It also lets you give a lane changing signal.

LARGE 13-

GALLON TANK.

Offers impressive cruising range for Chevette.

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Fade-resistant, smooth and water-shrugging. They have audible wear sensors to let you know when it's replacement time. Rear brakes are drum-type. Dual master cylinder system with separate circuit for front and rear brakes.

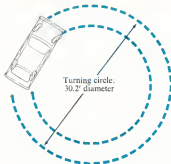


Chevette Coupe interior with vinyl upholstery.



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Included with every new Chevette is an easy-to-understand, condensed service manual to help you perform minor service work yourself. Something that can be quite cost saving.



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Chevette has European-type rack-and-pinion steering, a system that's compact, lightweight and proved dependable. This system gives Chevette one of the shortest turning circles of any 4-passenger car in the world. Only 30.2 ft. across. A turning tightness you'll appreciate every time you park.



DIAGNOSTIC CONNECTOR.

A built-in device that lets the do-it-yourselfer or a Chevy dealer make accurate, quick diagnostic checks of things like the Chevette's High Energy Ignition or other parts of the electrical system.

6,030 SERVING DEALERS.

By latest count, Chevrolet has 2,983 more dealers across the country than VW, Toyota and Datsun combined. Volkswagen has 1,152. Toyota has 958. Datsun has 937. Keep these figures in mind when you think about service and parts later on.

Prices start at \$2899*

2-Seat Scooter	\$2899*
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The Sport	\$3175*
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*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charge, available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.



Chevette

Chevrolet's new kind of American car.



Gunning for a market

A Japanese company hits the target by building prestige shotguns for sale in the U.S. at a modest price

When the National Sporting Goods Association show opens on Feb. 5 in Chicago, one of the exhibits that 20,000 retailers will be examining closely is that of a relative newcomer to the gun business, a firm called Nikko. Last year, at the same show in Houston, the Japanese company, which for a dozen years had been making firearms for American manufacturers, introduced its own line of Golden Eagle shotguns. Now, after a year of extraordinary success, Nikko will be introducing several new shotguns, along with a line of Golden Eagle rifles.

No one has to remind the established firearms manufacturers of the dominant position Japanese firms have achieved in a relatively brief period of time in the photographic equipment and motorcycle industries. The technique used to break into the American market in both those instances—offering a well-crafted if not particularly innovative product at a price well below the going market rate—is the same that Nikko is using in the firearms field.

Firearms are a \$550-million-a-year business in the U.S. and, unlike some others, an industry that has proved to be virtually recession-proof. According to the National Sporting Goods Association, the sale of firearms and related goods rose nearly 25% in 1974, from \$776 million in 1973 to \$967 million, and business appears to have been even better last year. In fact, the number of shooters in the field and on the firing line has been increasing for the past two decades.



NIKKO'S GOLDEN EAGLE SHOTGUNS RANGE FROM \$669 (TOP) TO \$2,399 (MIDDLE)

Sales of hunting licenses are up. Migratory-bird-stamp sales are up. Trap- and skeet-shooting registrations are up. Gun-club memberships are up. Hunter-safety course enrollments are up.

While this alone is encouraging to the industry, the whole picture is even brighter. Consider, for example, the possibility of a single sportsman shooting trap, skeet, big- and small-bore targets, ducks, geese, pheasant, grouse, squirrels, deer, mountain sheep and bear in the course of a few seasons. To do so, he might use as many as eight different shotguns and seven rifles.

In addition to the many different firearms used in the many different shooting sports, not a few people buy guns simply for the pleasure of collecting them. And unlike automobiles, which depreciate the moment they are driven from the showroom, a fine firearm is an excellent investment; more often than not it increases in value with time.

Arms manufacturers have been cashing in on this phenomenon for years both by bringing out commemorative issues of classics and by producing ever more elaborate contemporary weapons. For the gun room or the field, there is palpable pleasure in owning a firearm with an exquisitely engraved receiver or a delicately checkered rosewood stock. There is also a world of difference, not to mention several thousand dollars, between shooting a Sears Roebuck double and a Purdey.

But the number of Americans who can still afford Purdeys or any of the other classic European shotguns is limited. The

cost of producing such shotguns in Britain, Belgium and Italy, along with the dearth of craftsmen in these countries since World War II, has pushed their prices well beyond the means of all but the wealthiest connoisseurs. Along with 12-room hunting lodges, liveried servants and ocean-going yachts, elegantly engraved side-by-side doubles are in danger of becoming curiosities.

There was a time not too long ago when Winchester's Model 21 Custom Grade, probably the finest side-by-side double made in this country, was at least within dreaming range of much of the shooting population, but that too is past. It now sells for close to \$4,000 and Winchester claims to be hard-pressed to make a profit on it even at that price.

It was, in fact, the escalating costs of manufacturing quality double-barrel shotguns that first prompted Olin, Winchester's parent company, to look to Japan, the low-cost-duplication capital of the world. The idea was not to start turning out Model 21s in the Orient—the 21 will still be made in this country—but to begin producing a shotgun combining high-quality workmanship with good wood and engraving at a price the average sportsman could afford.

The Model 101, first introduced in 1963, was the product of the alliance between Winchester and Kodensha Co. Ltd., a Japanese arms manufacturer. At \$249 it was an immediate success, an over- or under of quality at a price well below that of its best-known competitor, the \$315 Belgium-made Browning Super-

posed. Soon other U.S. manufacturers, including Ithaca, High-Standard and Weatherby, were selling Japanese-made firearms under their own labels.

While more and more manufacturers were looking to the East, some Kodensha executives broke away to form their own firm, Nikko Firearms Company Ltd., and were taking a long look in the other direction. By the summer of 1974 they were convinced that Nikko should try for a piece of the American action on its own, specifically in the prestige area. Backed by the financial resources of its parent company, Kanematsu-Gosho USA, Ltd., Nikko hired former U.S. Air Force Colonel Marion (Robbie) Robinson, to oversee sales, distribution and promotion. Robinson, 53, had been regional sales manager for Weatherby Inc. since his retirement from the service in 1965 and in the following three years had doubled Weatherby's sales.

His first move for Nikko was to take all its models then in production—upwards of a dozen—and extract from them the qualities to be incorporated into a single line of shotguns designed specifically for American shooters. And he told his Japanese bosses that Americans looked for styling and a relatively low price tag.

The end product of Robinson's expertise and Nikko's craftsmanship provides just that. Manufactured in three grades, primarily determined by the types of wood and amount of engraving, Golden Eagle prices range from \$699 for Grade I to \$2,299 for Grade III. All the guns look as if they cost a lot more; for example, the Golden Eagle symbol, designed by noted goldsmith Sid Belf and inlaid in the receiver, is 14-karat gold and each gun comes in its own foam-fitted carrying case. In addition to these prestige touches, each gun carries a lifetime guarantee for the original owner.

The first 12- and 20-gauge Golden Eagle over/unders were exhibited last January in Houston. Six months later, Nikko had sold a million dollars' worth of them to dealers. "We could have sold twice that many," Robinson claims, "but our early production could not meet the demands."

Impressed with its success, next month in Chicago Nikko will introduce a Golden Eagle semiautomatic shotgun, as well as a line of large-bore (.243-.458) bolt-action rifles to sell for around \$350. Quite obviously, Nikko is gunning for big game. **END**



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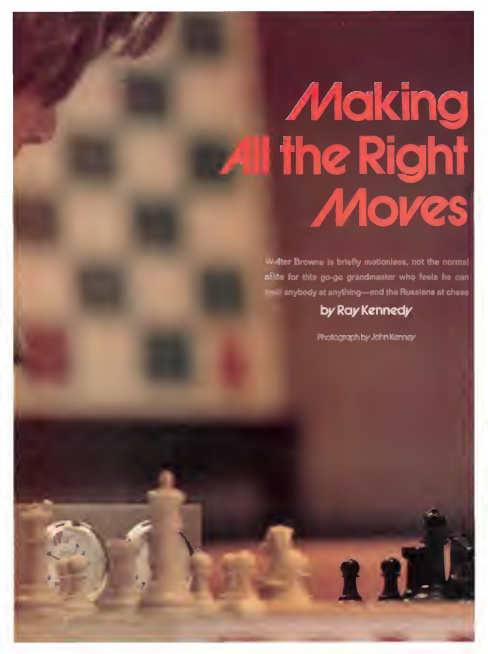
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Making All the Right Moves

Walter Browne is briefly motionless, not the normal
style for this go-go grandmaster who feels he can
beat anybody at anything—and the Russians at chess

by Ray Kennedy

Photograph by John Kenney



CONTINUED

It is amazing. There he was, a child lost in the concrete anonymity of Brooklyn, solitary, restless, different. And then he cultivated a demanding friend: chess. Obsessed, he would stay up half the night replaying the games of the masters, scornful school and withdrawing deeper into himself. Distressed by his isolation, his protective, foreign-born mother introduced him to the famed Manhattan Chess Club where he became renowned for his killer instinct. A sometimes petulant prodigy, he was given to gloating about "destroying the weakies" when he won and scattering the pieces off the board when he lost.

At 16, declaring that "teachers are stupid," he quit Erasmus Hall High School and became a chess vagabond. He toured the world, winning tournaments after tournament, complaining about playing conditions and accusing the Russians of conspiring against him. And then, after settling in California, he mounted an all-out assault to wrest the world chess title away from the vaunted Soviet champion.

Amazing!

What's that? You heard it all before? But that is the amazing thing: you have not. Though the stated facts of their careers are exactly the same, the prodigal son of Brooklyn referred to is not Grandmaster Robert James Fischer but Grandmaster Walter Shawn Browne.

Amazing and, yes, perhaps consciously imitative in some respects.

Still, for all the eerie parallels, the differences between the two Erasmus Hall dropouts are just as striking. For one thing, at 26, Browne is far more outgoing than the celebrated bachelor recluse of South Pasadena, overbearing but nonetheless an engaging person. For another, as he proudly notes, "I have some advantages that Bobby Fischer doesn't." Browne has a stabilizing helpmate. His wife Raquel, a clinical psychologist from Argentina, says, "Shawn

sees a little beet crazy, but so am I. So eet works out."

And though he parrots Fischer in saying, "Chess is not like life: chess is life," Browne ventures beyond the tight little world of 64 squares. He pursues the same sports that Bobby does to keep in playing shape ("I can beat four out of five people in Ping-Pong," says Browne, "nine out of 10 in tennis"), but he is also a universal gamesman, the only person ever to compete at the highest levels in chess as well as three other serious tests of man's cerebral skills. "I can beat 97 out of 100 experts in Scrabble," Browne says, "98 of 100 in backgammon and 99.9 of 100 in poker. At hi-lo, table-limit poker, I'm the best in the world." Looking down on that world from the \$65,000 mountaintop villa he purchased in Berkeley, Calif. with help from his poker winnings, he adds, "Amarillo Slim is a potzer compared with some of the guys I play with."

And, oh yes, there is one other critical distinction between the Brooklyn wonder boys. Browne has not won the world chess championship—yet. Except for Fischer, whose powers are deemed so transcendental in chess circles as to preclude drawing comparisons, Browne is the U.S.'s strongest threat to win back the world title that Bobby forfeited to Russia's Anatoly Karpov last year.

Of Fischer's refusal to defend his championship because FIDE (Fédération Internationale des Echecs, the game's governing body) would not agree to all of his myriad requests, Browne says, "If Bobby had insisted on 80 of his 100 demands, he'd be all right. If he'd insisted on 90, he'd be unreasonable. But the fact that he insisted on all 100 makes him kind of crazy. When my turn comes, I'll be reasonable."

He has no doubt at all that his turn will come eventually. This summer, in fact, he took a step toward that goal by winning the U.S. championship for the second straight year. That qualified him to compete this summer in the FIDE Interzonal with three dozen world-class players, the next

plateau in the three-year playoff cycle for the world championship. If Browne survives that trial, he will then join seven other aspirants in the Candidates' Matches in 1977, a cutthroat series to determine who wins the right to challenge Karpov in 1978.

"I've got the talent," says Browne. "All I need to do is persevere. And I will, because I'm concentrating all my energies on becoming world champion. I have this fantastic discipline to study chess six, eight, 10 hours a day, this drive to win at all costs short of physical violence. I got this aggression that never quits, this feeling of terrific power. I feel this big hot thing like the sun inside me. I'm not bragging. I really feel as if I can beat anybody at anything!"

While waiting to overpower the world, Browne spent two months last fall polishing off the entire United States of America, purple mountain by fruited plain, town by town, pawn by pawn. More than



Browne whisks his way through a "simul" at the Manhattan Chess Club.

a promotional tour, it was an organizational tour de force that he conceived as "a new kind of fun game." Called a "simul" in the trade, the format was standard if exhausting grandmaster exhibition fare: for a \$225 guarantee, one night's lodging and \$7.50 for each additional player over the 30-board minimum, Browne gave a lecture and then took on all comers. What made this road show extraordinary was that he was in effect playing one unending series of simul, driving up to 13 hours a day, hopscooting across the country like some knight-errant in quest of a self-mate.

From upper Oregon to lower Florida, Massachusetts Bay to the Mexican border, Browne played in YMCAs, motels, universities, factories, shopping malls, VFW halls and a prison. By his calculation, \$15,000, 15,000 miles, 2,000 games, 60 days, 50 cities and 40 states add up to an "inhuman feat."

By Racquel's reckoning it was "loco completo." Her sentiments are understandable; she was doing the driving. "My husband weel get to be world champion," she said shortly before their departure, "but he weel not get his driver's license." Unbarring, Browne kept emphasizing about the throngs that would turn out to play him. "It's their chance to do a very personal thing," he said, "like throwing a football with Joe Namath."

Strategy? "I'm going to trick 'em, trap 'em," he said. "If I don't get 'em in the opening, I'll get 'em in the middle, and if not in the middle, then I'll get 'em in the end. And if not in the end, then they will have passed a test of the highest order." Stamina? "If I don't hold up, I will kill my wife." "Eef you play backsgommon when we get to New York," Racquel countered, "I weel keel you."

And so at noon on a Friday in the middle of October—tennis rackets, chess books and snow chains stowed in their burgundy BMW sedan—off they went. "When we get back," Browne promised, "I will have played more people in two months than the average tournament player would meet in 200 years."

And that was just for starters. Coming up: Inhuman Feat No. 2, an attempt to break the world record for simultaneous play set by Argentina's Miguel Najdorf when he took on 250 opponents in São Paulo, Brazil in 1950. Browne says, "I'm going to play at least 260 people—just 251 would look bad." Figuring that it will take 18 to 22 hours, he adds, "It's not a question of *can* I do it but how *well*, how *fast* I do it. Talk about the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat. People don't know what that is compared to what I'm going to do. It will be the marathon of marathons! A fantastic event! A spectacle!"

Browne already lays claim to two other world marks. In 1971 in Adelaide, Australia, he played and defeated 29 challengers in 45 minutes. "Forty-five minutes!" he exclaims. "You know how fast that is? About a minute and a half a game! And some of the games went to

50, 60 moves. This combination has never happened before and will never happen again. It's almost physically impossible. If I'd stopped to take a drink of water, it was all over."

At Manhattan's Chess City two years ago Browne played 106 opponents, including a Columbia University computer called the Ostrich, and won 94 games, drew nine and lost three. "That is probably the best score ever for that many people," he says, "and the record without doubt is that I finished in seven hours, 20 minutes." (Browne had the computer beaten in just 15 moves. "Tell your Ostrich to read Nimzovich," he sniffed, referring to the father of the hypermodern school of chess.)

"We're not talking about ticktacktoe here, you know," Browne concludes. "We're talking about the most profound game ever created. That's why there is not a computer alive that can beat me. They lack imagination."

Browne obviously does not. But why the big rush, why this compulsion to subject a nice quiet pastime to new land-speed and endurance trials? "It's toward the common goal," says Browne, "the promotion of chess and the promotion of me. I don't have time to waste. God didn't give me any. We can't wait for Bobby to help us. He's like a volcano that has gone to rest. We've got to help ourselves. Right now."

Right now, as has long been the lamentable case, selling chess in the U.S. is like trying to peddle New York City bonds. Forget the mania touched off by Fischer four summers ago; it was a fad that faded almost as rapidly as it began. In fact, if Browne errs on the side of stridency, it is only the echo of frustrations born long, long before the Age of Ali.

Indeed, any understanding of Browne or what he represents can only be gained by viewing him as the descendant of a fabled if forgotten American tradition. More even

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On tour, driver-wife Racquel studies the New York suburban gambit.

than Fischer, he reflects an era that began with Paul Morphy, the Flashing Meteor from New Orleans, who was the unofficial world champion (1858-59) and the darling of the Continent at age 21. After one feat of simultaneous play at the Café de la Régence in Paris, a legendary chess hotbed where Napoleon tried to outflank his opponents by illegally moving his knights like a cavalry unit, Morphy was paraded through the streets on the shoulders of his ecstatic admirers.

At the turn of the century Harry Nelson Pillsbury of Somerville, Mass., another dazzling young prince of the royal game, sought acclaim by performing such prodigious stunts as playing 12 games of chess, six games of checkers and a game of duplicate whist at the same time—blindfolded.

And then came the intoxicating time when New York City was the chess capital of the world. Led by such luminaries as Reuben Fine, Frank Marshall, I. A. Horowitz, Isaac Kashdan and Sammy Reshevsky, the U.S. team won the biennial Chess Olympiad four consecutive times during the 1930s. But those gifted players were children of the great Depression, brilliant minds turned to the most stimulating free occupation available, and as the nation recovered, the game relaxed.

By contrast, while the U.S. was putting a chicken in every pot, the U.S.S.R. was thrusting a chess set into the hands of every worker. "The modern Marxian line," decreed the *Daily Worker*, "considers chess an important intellectual factor in the social program of mankind." To Lenin, a skilled player in his own right, chess was "the gymnasium of the mind." To author Raymond Chandler, voicing the opinion of a New Deal America that still endures, it was "the biggest waste of human intelligence you can find outside of an advertising agency."

By 1948, when Russia's Mikhail Botvinnik won the first FIDE playoff for the world championship, chess was the national pastime of the U.S.S.R. Subsidized by the state, trained since childhood and awarded commendations, apartments, cars, *stachkas* and pensions, the Soviet grandmasters became so dominant that the world title seemed permanently engraved in Cyrillic script.

Played against that background, Fischer's rout of Russia's Boris Spassky in Reykjavik, Iceland in 1972 was cataclysmic on several levels. The least obvious, perhaps, was that it reasserted the old American ethic of rugged individualism. As Fischer has pointed out, "You can only get good if you love the game. I'm not sure the Russians do. They're more interested in what they get out of it, and they don't develop character. Everything has come too easy for them. The Russians have produced great players but not natural talents because they never had to struggle. It takes a certain amount of adversity to develop character."

No matter that adversity also develops characters. The point is, whatever their ties or traumas, Fischer, Browne and their forebears demand admiration if only because they succeeded in the face of almost insuperable odds and for reasons as corny as love of the game.

None of which says that Browne's card-shark heart was not set aflatter by the \$5 million purse offered for the abort-

ed Fischer-Karpov showdown in Manila. But Browne is the product of grubbier times, when the \$5,500 pot for the 1969 world championship was considered magnificent. Going into Reykjavik, in fact, Fischer was the only top U.S. player earning anything close to a living wage (up to \$10,000 in a good year) solely from playing chess. Today, says Ed Edmondson, director of the U.S. Chess Federation, "There are perhaps a dozen players who make a living out of chess, few of whom eat very well. Our goal is to make it two dozen, all of whom eat very well."

It may not take long. The one salutary effect of the 1972 Bobby boomlet was that membership in the U.S. Chess Federation doubled to 58,000 (compared to 3,500,000 registered players in the U.S.S.R.). And while the ranks have since diminished to 50,000, which Edmondson attributes mainly to "the great disappointment" in Fischer's refusal to play, there remains the nucleus of a new generation of exceptionally talented young players. After being shut out for nearly a decade, the U.S. has produced nine players in the past two years who have earned the title of international master. Unable to raise the minimum \$50,000 it would take to help train future champions, Edmondson has introduced a Futurity Program to allow the very best of the young whips to gain more experience at home and abroad. Recent results have Edmondson beaming about the U.S. future on the international circuit. In short, he says, "We're loaded."

That was nowhere more apparent than at this year's U.S. championship in Oberlin, Ohio. In addition to Browne, there were five other players in their 20s who not only rated an invitation but registered a seismic shock. They were:

Ken Rogoff, 22, of Rochester, N.Y., a three-time U.S. Junior Champion, who arrived fresh from graduation exercises at Yale confessing, "I've not played a serious game of chess in nearly a year." It did not show. The tournament's youngest entry, he scored its biggest surprise by finishing second to Browne and winning the U.S.'s last available bid to the FIDE Interzonals.

James Tarjan, 23, of Sherman Oaks, Calif., who was inoculated with chess as a child by his Hungarian refugee father, and quit Berkeley in his junior year because "I couldn't shake the game's magical attraction." Rated a strong candidate to become the ninth active grandmaster in the country, he allows that "With a tenth of the energy I could make 10 times the money doing something else." So why doesn't he? "Well, I'm crazy."

John Grefe, 28, of Hoboken, N.J., who prepared for a game by sitting at the board with his shoes off, back straight and eyes staring into the beyond. He is "into meditation and applying the law of Karma to chess" in an attempt to achieve "a visualization of the pieces moving in the mind's eye." Something works. In 1973 he materialized out of nowhere to become co-champion of the U.S.

Kim Commons, 23, of Lancaster, Calif., who looks more like a UCLA forward than a UCLA grad who teaches physics on the side. He gave up pool hustling because "I'm very solicitous of my thumbs." But now he wonders about the rigors of chess, especially since one of his fellow chess gypsies' teeth fell out from malnutrition. Married to one of the nation's 2,000 registered female chess players, he says, "Eventually I'll probably get a real job. I need roots."

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John Peters, 24, of North Scituate, Mass., who has won the New England Open but has never had the funds to venture much beyond Boston for competition. A doctor's son, he is sticking with chess because he thinks "there might be a future." The two veteran grandmasters he knocked off in Oberlin can only agree.

In Russia chess heroes are involved in teaching, but here, says Edmondson, "Our grandmasters are not disposed to help a promising young player because they feel he'll steal the bread out of their mouths." Rogoff agrees, sardonically noting, "They like to teach you, all right, but only by beating you." The result, says Commons, was that the 1975 U.S. championship was "a case of the young Christians going against the old lions."

Rarely, in fact, have the generational battle lines been so sharply drawn: led by Browne, the six martyrs (average age 24) were, in effect, a team pitted against a like number of lions (average age .45), a veritable pride of grandmasters who have been the kings of the U.S. chess jungle—always excepting Fischer—for more than a decade.

In a game in which players lose more than 15 pounds or even faint dead away in tournaments, endurance is crucial. Says Rogoff, "Chess may start out as an art, but after nearly a month of hard playing in a tournament it becomes an athletic event."

That is why the lions tended to follow a familiar game plan: play for quick, energy-conserving draws against one another and go for the kill against the others. The martyrs, though, had their own survival tactics: play a tactical waiting game until the lion shows the first signs of what Commons calls "the fatigue out," and then pour it on. Against Grandmaster Lubomir Kavalek, a Czech refugee who had not lost a game for eight months before the championship, Rogoff says, "I messed around for 30 moves until he began to tire and then I crushed him in the next 10 moves."

By mid-tournament a startling trend was already in the making. As Grandmaster Robert Byrne aptly observed, "The GMs need a Futurity Program, too." With one point awarded for a win, one-half for a draw, the final results begged for a headline: MARTYRS DEVOUR LIONS 40½-37½. In the stratified world of chess that was roughly the equivalent of the Erasmus Hall High Jayvees defeating the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Though clearly the star of the youthful lineup, Browne is the lonesome end of chess, a player who by nature and temperament is out there by himself somewhere. Or, as he once summed it up, "If Bobby Fischer is the God of chess, I'm the Devil." Tarjan says, "Browne tries to be a good sport, but basically he's a maniac at the board." "He comes at you like a train," says Rogoff. "He plays to kill, to smash you. The rest of us aren't interested in karate chopping the board in half, but you can never be sure with Walter." What the players are certain of is the aptness of Browne's nickname. They call him the Savage.

In the tournament's penultimate round, Browne attacked with everything but a spear. Unhinged, scowling, twitching his Mongol mustache and shaking his long dark mane, he looked like some kind of tribal hit man masquerading in flared jeans and floral shirt. In contrast to the tranquil setting, a subterranean retreat on the Oberlin University cam-

pus called the Late Study Area, Browne was writhing, groaning, shuffling, sighing and drumming his way through a classic endgame struggle with Grandmaster Arthur Bisguier, a defensive Houdini.

As he pondered, Browne shook his right leg to the beat of some inner fury. He hovered hawk-like over the board, his nose almost touching the pieces. And when he drew back, inhaled deeply and prepared to strike, he looked as if he might just as likely toss a punch as push a pawn.

At one point Browne bolted out of his chair, careened into the hallway, shouldered through the men's room, shook down a passerby for a quarter, assaulted a coffee machine and barged back to the board. Then, crash! He slammed his rook down. Bang! He pounded the button on his time clock. Snap! He shattered the point on his pencil while recording the move. And splash, plop, clatter! He knocked his coffee cup, scorepad and several stray pieces to the floor.

Bisguier, serene in the eye of Browne's hurricane, occasionally strolled off, pausing like a tourist to inspect some of the other games in progress. During one amble he drifted into a seat among the spectators (nine in all) and dozed off until—crash bang—it was his turn to move again.

Finally, after 70 moves and seven hours of infighting over two days, Browne rose and directed an obscene gesture at Bisguier, which was his way of saying that he was yielding to a draw. Then off they went to an adjoining "postmortem room" to reshuffle the game. Chomping on a doughnut, Browne rumbled his reactions in tones that are a curious cross of Balkan and Brooklynese, a kind of hyper Akim Tamiroff. "Ya gotta find these cute moves," he said, rapidly shifting the pieces with both hands like a shell-game operator. "Ah! There was one I missed."

As the skull session wore on for more than two hours, one passing grandmaster after another reached in and shuffled the pieces into new variations. Browne interrupted, "Let me show you one I worked out in my sleep. Pawn, check, pawn, pawn, gobble, push, push, gobble, push, bomb, bomb! That's it! Or is it? Who knows, maybe there wasn't a win there."

Like the chessmen he deploys, Browne moves in confounding patterns. The scenes blur: now he is quietly retiring to his Oberlin Inn room with his chess books and a wastebasket filled with iced beer to prepare for his final game against Commons; now he is furiously charging across the Oberlin quadrangle, late as usual and roaring. "Can't let this guy get cocky with a time advantage"; now, just 15 minutes after drawing with Commons, he is losing to him on the tennis court; now he is checking out of the inn, slapping the newspaper and exclaiming, "Why do they have Rogoff's picture? What did he do?" And now he is off, walking lopsided, with his tennis racket in one hand and a huge bulging suitcase in the other, headed for the Cleveland airport and an exhibition in Westfield, N.J.

Pausing for a pit stop at the Excellent Diner in Westfield, Browne said, "I remember this place. Played backgammon in here once with a guy. Two bucks a point, and I won maybe \$100. A real gambler is not a gambler at all, you know. If I play, I only play with people I'm going to

beat. If not, I leave. But backgammon and poker are nothing more than something to relax with before you play chess. Chess is an art, a science—it's everything. It's like being on a high plane looking down. I feel sorry for people who don't play chess. They're missing something."

Standing under an elm tree outside the Westfield YMCA, Browne removed his tan leather jacket, emptied his pockets into his suitcase, delicately removed a flock of lint from his shirt and began bouncing on his toes like a welterweight awaiting the bell. "Ya gotta be light as a feather," he rasped, "n-cap as the weather."

Moments later he burst into a large upstairs room at the Y with a menacing, shi-eyed look that said I can lick any pot-er in the joint. "Nice to see your smiling face again," said Denis Barry, the exhibition's organizer. Then, pulling Browne aside, he whispered, "Listen, you know some of the other grandmasters made a nice impression here by shaking hands with the players and . . ." "Whaddya mean?" Browne interrupted, "I'm very friendly."

Positioning himself next to a large cloth demonstration board hanging from a coat hanger, Browne announced, "I'm going to lecture on the Game of the Decade in which I played white against Bisguier's Petrov Defense. Bobby has a Game of the Century, but it's just a question of taste as to who's is better." Then, muttering "Chomp, chomp, gobble, gobble," he flashed through the first 13 moves and declared, "For 40 years nobody has been able to find the right move in this position. But I found it. And here it is, the zonker!"

After a rapid-fire analysis of the follow-up attack, Browne concluded, "Well, do you think the Petrov is still viable? I think that line is out of commission. I remember I spoke to Bobby about it on the phone and he said this move and I said that, and then he didn't have much of an answer."

Then Browne was off on the first leg of his race around 49 boards arranged in a sprawling rectangle. As Browne hunched along, Barry said, "I remember when Walter was 14 and he came here for a tournament. He kept slipping off to play pool in the basement, and when he got back for one game we had to call a time fault on him. He threw the clock at somebody, and then smashed the pieces. I made him pick them up and lined him \$5 for a broken bishop."

As the hours wound on and the victors began to mount, Browne started jogging between the widening gaps. By the sixth hour he was sprinting among the last few hangers-on and, given less and less time to ponder before the hawk was again fluttering threateningly over them, one after another they began to blunder. Final score, 40 wins, five draws, four losses.

"If it's not an excessive amount I'd appreciate cash," Browne said afterward as the chess club treasurer counted out \$375. As he left the Y and headed for Manhattan, Browne exclaimed, "Whaddya mean there's no depression? Only 49 boards! What is this?"

It was after midnight when Browne arrived at the Mayfair House of Bridge, an exclusive gamesmen's club in a penthouse above Man-Pattin's East Side. Within moments he worked his way through a group huddled around a backgammon game and declared, "God, this guy needs help if he makes moves like that! C'mon, get the game over with.

What're you afraid of? If they hit you back, they got a double risk inside. Get the four-point prime. Play solidly. Jack it up, 2 ap 'em. Hey, I got the next game, right?"

Right he was, and several long, loquacious hours later Browne emerged into a gray, drizzly dawn. Still clutching his tennis racket and oversized bag, he teetered down the damp, deserted streets toward Brooklyn, wayworn, forlorn, and \$108 richer.

Browne figures that he was predestined to be an itinerant Jack-of-all-gambits. The fact that he was born in Sydney, Australia on Jan. 10, 1949 confirms it, he says. "I'm a Capricorn with Aries rising," Browne says, "which means that I'm both persevering and ambitious, the perfect combination for chess. And since chess is life, what's good for chess is good for life."

His Australian mother had cause to doubt that after the family moved from Sydney, where Browne's American father was in the export-import business, to New York when Walter was four, "We often had to ask ourselves, 'Where is this kid going?'" says Hilda Browne of the eldest of her four children. Anywhere but school, was Walter's answer. "If you have a strong mind you don't need school," he says. "School is for the masses, not for geniuses."

At 13 he was playing 50 games of chess by mail simultaneously and all but memorizing *Bertinuk's 100 Best Games* while eating, walking and riding the subway. At 14 he became one of the youngest U.S. players to attain the title of master. At 16 he missed his opening game in the U.S. Junior championship by oversleeping, but still managed to win the title. The reason he forfeited that first chess game was because he was recovering from his last poker game.

Browne first began shuffling the two games at Manhattan's notorious "Flea-house," a chess parlor situated above a porno shop on 42nd Street. Though he went there to hustle pocket money playing blitz (five-minute chess) for 25¢ a pop, he was inevitably and irretrievably drawn to the more alluring stakes in the "back-room game." By the time he quit Erasmus Hall, arguing that "I don't have time for chess, poker and school," he was riding the city's high-roller poker circuit, winning more than \$10,000 in less than two years from professional gamblers two and three times his age.

"They were like suckers waiting in a line," says Browne. "We'd play for 20, 30 hours straight or however long it took for the fish to lose their money. At one point when I was 16 I was staying up 48 hours at a stretch, playing two games of chess in a tournament by day and poker all night. But then after one sleepless night I left my queen en prise [exposed to capture] and right then I learned we all have our limits."

His poker partners disagreed. At 17, after Browne won 43 sessions in a row, they barred him from the game. He complains, "They wouldn't even let me sit in if I gave them half my action."

It was never a case of royal flush vs. royal game, Browne says. "Poker was quick money, chess was long-range money, that's all. I never even thought about giving one game

continued

up for the other." But when Browne hit the road in his 18th summer, saying, "New York is a great place to visit, but I don't want to breathe there," he soon found out that cashing in on his long-term investment was trickier than drawing a natural straight flush.

Striving to first gain the title of international master and then grandmaster (based on an intricate FIDE point system in which the pace of a player's progress is dependent on the rating of the rivals he plays), Browne rambunctiously tried to find a shortcut around the small-tournament route. He kept challenging higher-rated players to private showdowns, a quest that once found him hitchhiking from New Orleans to Baton Rouge in the rain for a match. But Browne was fighting a familiar stalemate, the Catch-22 of chess: international titles are won by playing in major international tournaments, which are almost exclusively restricted to players with international titles.

Lacking an invitation, Browne decided to crash the party. A few weeks before his 19th birthday he gathered up \$3,500 in poker winnings and jetted to a big tournament in Wijk aan Zee, Holland, where he was summarily snubbed.

Vainly he chased after tournaments in England, Sweden, Spain and Hungary. After three depleting months of this he landed in Copenhagen and took stock. Down to \$70, subsisting mainly on hard-boiled eggs and bread and with no return ticket to the U.S., he went to the Copenhagen chess club, picked up some quick kroner playing blitz and then ever so nonchalantly drifted over to the poker game in the corner.

That kept him going for a few more weeks until—everybody put their hands on the table—the Danes banned the Brooklyn Kid. Undaunted, Browne challenged the country's top four international chess masters to a series of matches. They all accepted, says Browne, because they could not resist the old offshore Flea-house come-on. "I kept telling everybody I was the best. They kept saying the kid's got a big mouth. And I'd say, oh yeah, prove it."

Browne won all four matches and flew back to the States in the summer of 1968 to plan a new assault. He recalls, "I finally decided that the bloody quickest way I could get ahead was to go down and win the Australian championship."

Which he did, taking advantage of the fact that he enjoyed dual citizenship in the U.S. and Australia until age 21. That victory won him a bid to the Asian Zonals in the summer of 1969 in Manila where, after replenishing side trips to Bangkok, Singapore and all the way back to Copenhagen ("I needed the easy money," he says), Browne tied for first and earned his international master title.

Then 20, Browne was beginning to despair that his quest for grandmaster would be realized "too late in life." Like Fischer, who used his winnings on TV's *What's My Line* in 1958 to pay the fare to the international match that at 15 made him the youngest grandmaster ever, Browne needed a nice timely act of providence.

He got it at 5:31 p.m. Thursday, Oct. 9, 1969. That was the moment the phone call from Puerto Rico got through to Browne in Manhattan. It was a friend who told him that they needed someone to fill in for a grandmaster who had dropped out of a major tournament that was opening the next day in San Juan, and if he hurried . . .

The last flight to San Juan was at 7 p.m. from Kennedy International, which at rush hour was about as accessible as Bangkok. But through a succession of small miracles, including a cabbie who proved to be the A. J. Foyt of the Manhattan fleet, Browne not only made the plane but tied for second in the tournament behind world champion Spassky.

"I had Spassky dead beaten," says Browne, "but he escaped with a draw. Even so, I made him work so hard that he couldn't eat his supper that night." And Browne did not have to eat any more hard-boiled eggs: his brilliant performance in San Juan earned him the grandmaster mantle and, he says, "From then on I was off to all the big tournaments."

Among Browne's many victories since, the sweetest occurred in 1974 when, like the mail boy who returns to buy the company, he triumphed at Wijk aan Zee, the scene of his first snubbing. In fact, his overall performance that year qualified him as one of the world's top 10 players, a distinction that no other U.S. player except Fischer and Robert Byrne has achieved since the International Association of the Chess Press began publishing the list in 1968. And this summer he was

in contention until the last round in a tournament in Milan that featured a dozen of the world's top players, including world champion Karpov, with whom he drew. "He is certainly a great player," Browne says, "well prepared, but he invents little during a match. If I'd had the help he did in coming up I'd be better than he is. I mean, the Russians take their chess bloody seriously."

For Browne, however, the most memorable encounter occurred in 1972 in Mar del Plata, Argentina, where he lost a tournament and won Raquel, with whom he was married in New York a year later on March 9, Fischer's birthday, and celebrated by flying to Las Vegas where Walter won the National Open. "From here on out," he decreed, "Las Vegas is my tournament." And his kind of town: last year he scouted the casinos without great success, but he vows, "Next time I hit Vegas I'm going to destroy 'em at blackjack. I know the system but I gotta make a lot fast and move out before they bar me. I could go back in a wig but they don't take kindly to that. They break knuckles, you know."

It may be the altitude, but Browne is given to a lot of adventurous talk when he is securely perched in his Berkeley lair. He and Raquel share their house with her 16-year-old son by a previous marriage, a Hawaiian Siamese cat named Lonnie Huani Browne and a huge blow-up of Walter glowering over the fireplace. There is also an equally outsized portrait of Freud in the game room, but it is placed in a dark corner, slightly crumpled, like an inferiority complex. "Shawn, he break my Freud when hees moving out," Raquel explains. "Sorry," says Walter, "it was a Freudian slip."

Relaxed, smiling easily away from the board, Walter is a doting host, Raquel a gourmet cook. Whenever he feels the need to escape chess, Browne dials the letters JAG PROW on the telephone. That is Lester Schonbrun's line, and what better way to while away a California afternoon than by matching tiles with the self-described U.S. Scrabble champion? For a slight token wager, of course.

Browne says, "I know every two-, three-, four- and most five-letter words in Funk & Wagnalls. And I know a lot of tricky words, too, like oustils. It's a form of monkey. But my alltime favorite is roil. I don't know what it means— you don't have to, you know—but the

beauty is that the plural of tott is airtal. Isn't that great?"

Great, too, is his concern about the future. Not the winning but the wearing. "People say I'm too tense, that I won't be able to keep up the pace," says Browne, "but that's not true. The reason a lot of players have trouble with their digestion and so on is because they keep the tension inside. Well, I let it out. Yes, the toll of the role of No. 1 will be great. It is going to take a lot of energy to get through the serious strain of it all, but I think I can do it."

"Energy!" exclaims Racquel. "Poof! The energy thees guy has, eet ees crazy. The other players are so quiet, so passive. But Shawn, the way he walks, plunk, plunk, plunk! Nobody can keep up with him. I am like Japanese woman all the time, chasing behind him. He ees very pushy. He talks very loud. He always shut up everybody. He has drive. He has charisma. He ees alive. He says, 'I am here! I am Walter Browne!' He is a special case, no?"

Yes, indeed. Still, what will be the toll of the role? Browne is all too aware that Paul Morphy became a recluse, suffered from acute paranoia and abandoned competitive chess forever at age 22. He knows, too, that the mental strains caused by Harry Nelson Pillsbury's feats of simultaneous play were said to have contributed to his premature death at 33. He has read about the erratic behavior of world champions Wilhelm Steinitz (1886-94) and Alexander Alekhine (1927-35) and how both died in poverty. And he has heard the sad lament of world champion Emanuel Lasker (1894-1921), "In life we are all dullers."

And that is why Browne is bent on maintaining "a very healthy attitude toward life." Racquel, who specialized in treating schizophrenics in Argentina, insists on it, saying, "The American chess players are the most crazy because they have to do eet all themselves. That ees why Bobby Fishair cannot handle success. He has got conflicts. He needs love, Bobby Fishair. I must get heem Latin girl friend." As for Walter, her therapy is strictly shock. "Eef you get paranoid, Shawn," she warns, "I weel out off your head!"

Late one autumn night, while sipping a glass of vintage red from his amply stocked wine cellar, Browne observed, "For me it's not a question of do I want

to be world champion or do I want to be happy? I will be both. I realized all the dangers long ago. It's like taking a voyage from which you may never return. Think of Columbus. Everyone warned him about sea monsters and all that, but he succeeded and he came back. And so will I, because I have a heightened sense of awareness, the ability to zero in without being narrow. With Fischer, on the other hand, it is all chess. Diversification may be his downfall."

Then, stepping onto his terrace and surveying the twinkling expanse of San Francisco Bay, Browne said, "People think Bobby is untouchable, but I can touch him. I think it's possible to beat him. When the time and the money are right—it will take a million, maybe a million five up front—I'm going to challenge Bobby to a match and smoke him out. The one time we played I had him beaten, but then on the 98th move I tried to win too artistically, and he lucked out with a draw." He laughed. "Now they call him Lucky Bobby."

Browne continued, "Think about asking a Little Leaguer if he could be as good as Babe Ruth. That's what it is like to be a chess player with someone like Bobby around. But in this case I think I can beat him, I really do. Look, everybody has always been putting me down. All those school counselors kept saying that 99% of the time when a kid drops out of school it doesn't work. They said I wasn't that one in 100. Well, the kid made it and now I can laugh back."

Growing more animated, he said, "The most important thing in life is to do what you want to do. I love chess. And I'm good enough to make a living at it. How many people can say they do exactly what they want and get paid for it, too?"

"I'm going to cultivate my own school of learning. I could be another Leonardo da Vinci. I want to do everything. I'm reading a lot now. Books like *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. I want to find out about everything that was bad and great. I want the straight stuff. I'm going to buy musical instruments. Drums! I'm going to play the drums! I'm going to do everything in my life. I feel I've got a thousand, a million lives inside me. I'm gonna be a lot more than a chess champion. When I'm 70 I'm gonna look back and say, whatever else I was, I was really alive!"

Amazing!

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

IMMORTALS

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your year-end tribute to the Bicentennial (Dec. 22-29). About the only things that outshone your articles on colonial sport ("America Is Farmed for Happiness") and the "Cloud of Farmers" (*My Kinds Gay, Your Kinds Gay, a Legend in His Own Time, a Great American . . .*) were your selection of and Ron Fimrite's article on Sportsman of the Year Pete Rose, a real all-American.

CHARLES C. EICHNER

Huntington, N.Y.

Sir:

My thanks to you and to Frank Deford for a most entertaining and refreshing article on the presentation of the "Sportsman of the Century, 18th issue" award at the Bicentennial Awards Banquet held in the Immortals' Lounge of the Cloud of Fame. I don't think the All-Time Old-Time Sportsman's Club selection committee could have chosen a better person, ah, immortal than George Washington.

Incidentally, the Gipper and Knute Rockne will have their hands full when and if the Bear gets there.

DICK ROTH

Chester, Ill.

VISIONS OF TROUT

Sir:

Nathan Adams' article on fishing in Kenya (*God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*, Dec. 22-29) is one of the finest I have ever read in SI, and so appropriate at this time of the year. It will recall memories of similar experiences for many trout fishermen, regardless of their locale.

ARLEN THORSTENSON

San Diego

TOP DOUBLES PARTNERS

Sir:

In reading George Plimpton's delightful tennis piece *Those Were the Days* (Nov. 24), I came to an abrupt halt when I was quoted as saying, "Jack Kramer was a bad doubles player." Wrong! To set the record straight, Kramer was an outstanding partner.

Also, the Plimpton article omitted another doubles great, Tony Trabert. He had to be super—out of 28 tournaments we played, he carried me to 27 wins along with two Davis Cup victories. Yes, George, "Those were the days!"

WILLIAM F. TALBERT

New York City

NFL ALIGNMENT

Sir:

Your SCORECARD item (Dec. 22-29) regarding NFL expansion omits one important fact. As was announced at the time, Seattle and Tampa Bay were given their initial conference assignments only for standings purposes pending the completion of long-range expansion plans. After that we anticipate we will wind up with 30 teams in six five-team divisions—perhaps by realignment or by adding the 29th and 30th franchises plus Seattle and Tampa to the existing "four."

In 1976 and 1977 the Seattle and Tampa Bay teams will play a swing schedule—meeting the 13 other teams in their conference that year plus each other. In that manner each will have played all 26 previous NFL teams once in two seasons.

To have undertaken realignment (the last one took endless meetings covering nearly a year's time prior to the 1970 single-league schedule) at this time would have been somewhat like building an extra room for an overnight guest.

There are many strong arguments pro and con on realignment according to geographic location. But one "con" becomes immediately evident lost under your suggestion, for example, would be the Dallas-Washington home-and-home annual series in the NFC East. You have to go back to the Browns-Giants battle for the NFL Eastern Conference in the '50s and '60s to match it for game-on, game-out suspense.

I hope that clarifies the "dumb" temporary decision somewhat.

DOX WEISS

National Football League

New York City

THE WFL STORY

Sir:

I read your article on the fall of the World Football League (*The Day the Money Ran Out*, Dec. 1). I am chagrined that it was little more than a meandering scrapbook of previously published quotations and excerpts, a cocktail party compendium that merely enshrined the inaccuracies and biases perpetrated by the media in the several franchise cities.

By way of example, let me comment on some of the Philadelphia stories. King Corcoran was cut from the team the day he made the statements quoted. You merely requested gossip. Any team may experience poor bus service 1,000 miles from home, especially when the bus is hired by a third party, as in our case. But most of our trips were by char-

tered Delta Airlines DC 9, which, due to plane availability, could not leave until 9 p.m. And, yes, we would ordinarily leave just after the game so that the players could board the DC 9 for steak dinners and cold beer. We all should be so fortunate.

Philadelphia was a low draw, but this was mostly due to the constant dramatization of the league's problems. We therefore expected poor attendance in 1975. Many unsung people worked hard and long toward a future that has now been snatched away. However, despite the small attendance, our 1975 cheerleaders were never fired for financial reasons. What is true is that the 1974 cheerleaders were released because of their incompetence; just a routine check on your part would have shown that the Philadelphia team was financially responsible in both 1974 and 1975.

I could continue to point out the facts of this tragicomedie, but doing so would not compensate for the travail of all involved. Nor would it result in the serious statement that should be made about professional sports in this country, the failures and their causes, the ideas and energies. The World Football League is now a sorry collection of worn-out wishes and tired dreams, and it grieves me to think that it will continue to be falsely maligned even after its death.

JOHN EDWARD BRISACCO

(President of the Philadelphia Bell)

Media, Pa.

Sir:

You quote Eddie Fahren of TVS as blaming some of the WFL's problems on big-city prejudice: "A person who lives in New York is insulted to go see San Antonio, a burg like that. He wants Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia. If the little burgs ever beat you, it's ridiculous. It's insulting."

Allow me to point out a couple of things the big-city fans may have overlooked: 1) the players who perform for the professional football teams of our great metropolises rarely come from these metropolises. Mostly, they come from burgs like San Antonio; and 2) a burg named Green Bay has won more NFL championships than any team representing New York, Chicago, Detroit or Philadelphia.

DAVID R. SCHRYER

Newport News, Va.

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